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ART. I.—*Illustrations of the Theory and Principles of Taste, considered as they are applicable to the fine Arts in general, and to the various Species of literary Composition in particular. Translated from the German of J. G. Sülzer, by Elizabeth Annabella de Brusasque.* 12mo. Mawman. 1806.

SULZER'S Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste, or general Theory of the fine Arts, was published at Leipzig in 1771 and 1774, in two volumes in 4to. In this work, the author appears to have considered the fine arts as the salutary mean of producing a lively feeling for the beautiful and the good, and a strong aversion to the ugly and the bad. This point of view tends to exalt the importance of the arts, and to raise them in the scale of moral and political consideration.

The fair translator of the present volume has made a selection of such articles from the Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste, as she judged most likely to be of general utility. These articles are alphabetically arranged; the present volume proceeds no farther than the letter C; and it will probably require two more volumes to complete the work. The following subjects are discussed in the present volume:

'Accent, Accessaries, Act, Action, Affected, Affecting, Affecting Language, Agreeable, Allegory, Amplification, the Ancients, Anguish, Antique, Arrangement, Art, Artful, Artifice, Artist, Astonishment, Beautiful, Beauty, Becoming, Beginning, Bold, Bombast, Break, Brevity, Cæsurii, Character, Charm, Choice, Chorus, Classical, Clearness, Cold, Colours, Comedy, Common, Comparison, Compassion, Concession, Conclusion, Confirmation, Connexion, Contrast, Conviction, Correctness, Critic.'

Some of these subjects are discussed more at length than

others; but, even those, which are treated with most brevity, are not destitute of judicious and useful observations. And in all the articles there is a constant reference to the works of *the fine arts*, in which general denomination, Sülzer includes not only statuary, sculpture, architecture, painting, engraving, and music, &c. but poetry, oratory, history, and all the operations of mind, which can properly be subjected to the criticism of taste.

'If taste,' says the translator in her excellent preface, 'be the power of discriminating the beauties of nature and of art, this work will be found to be of singular service in improving the faculty, for it will show what are the constituents of beauty, and in what the perfection of the beautiful consists. If taste be taken in a more restricted sense, as the power by which we determine the beauties of literary composition,—by which we distinguish true from false ornament, the reality from the glare of excellence, this work will contribute, in no small degree, to the formation of such a taste. There is hardly any species of literary composition, on the peculiar nature and constituent excellencies of which it will not be found to contain the most recondite observations, and the most profound and judicious criticism.'

This is high, but it is by no means exaggerated praise. In many of the articles which are here first presented to the public in an English dress, we discover great depth of reflection, variety of erudition and delicacy of taste. Nor have the original articles lost any thing in the English version, in which the language is not only fluent and correct, but infused with that attractive air of perspicuity, animation, and beauty which characterises an original composition of superior excellence.

We will make an extract which will at the same time serve as a specimen of the work, and of the translation. The article, which we will select, is termed 'Beautiful.' P. 194.

'The inquiry into the nature and quality of the beautiful, which is very difficult in itself, is rendered much more difficult by the word being applied, in a diversity of ways, to things which please, though we at the same time know nothing of their quality: we should therefore principally endeavour to define the proper and strict sense of the word.' 'As it is certain that every thing, which is beautiful, pleases, so it is also certain that not every thing which pleases can properly be called beautiful. The beautiful constitutes only one of the many species of things which please; and in order to know how to distinguish it from the rest, we should consider all the species. But we will, without entering into the depths of speculation, adhere to that which is taught by general and daily experience. This

clearly teaches us that some things please or awaken satisfaction, though we have not at the same time the least conception of their quality. There are also things which do not please till we have formed a clear idea of their quality. First, they merely exercise the understanding; and next, when this discovers a certain quality in them, they begin to please; to him who is not able to reflect nor to discriminate that quality, they remain quite indifferent. To this class every thing belongs which pleases by perfection, as machines which are so skilfully contrived that they fully answer their purpose; and in like manner that which pleases through truth; as an argument in which the particular ideas and propositions are so connected as to produce complete conviction. There is still a third class of things which excite pleasure; this is so placed between both the preceding, that it in some measure resembles both. The quality of objects captivates our attention; but ere we clearly know what things are, we feel a pleasure in them. These objects constitute, according to our notion, the class which properly deserves the name of beautiful.

'The good pleases us on account of its material quality, or its constituent matter, which, without any reference to its form, possesses the power of immediately exciting agreeable sensations. Secondly, the beautiful pleases us without any reference to the value of its constituent matter, on account of its form, which, in an agreeable manner, presents itself to the senses or the imagination; though it, at the same time, has in itself nothing which can make the object useful in other respects. Thirdly, the perfect pleases us, neither through its matter nor its external form, but through its internal contrivance, by which it becomes an instrument or means of accomplishing some particular purpose. We may imagine this triple property united in a diamond; from its practical utility, it belongs to the class of the good; from its splendour, and the blaze of colours with which it is illuminated, to the class of the beautiful; from its hard and imperishable nature, to the class of the perfect. The property of the beautiful may be reduced to three different constituents: First, the form must be determinate and comprehended without painful exertion: Secondly, there must be a sensation of multiplicity, but of order in the multiplicity: Thirdly, the multiplicity must so melt into unity, that none of the individual parts particularly arrest attention. That an object which is to please by its external aspect should be a whole and not a fractional part of a whole, has been sufficiently shewn in another place (See Whole). That it should be seen or imagined, well determined and defined, we may readily conceive; because any uncertainty in its determination makes us dubious whether it be a whole; and this is injurious to the nature of the representation. The uncertainty whether we see any thing rightly or not, is necessarily connected with a sensation of uneasiness, and is consequently disagreeable. That the object should be comprehended without painful exertion is not less clear, since every exertion, as long as we are uncertain whether it will attain its end, has in it something disagreeable. That in the beautiful

there should be a conception of multiplicity is easy to be conceived. What is simple, or without parts, may indeed operate on the sensations, but not on the imagination; but that, which is merely a multitude of parts without diversity, can occasion no fond brooding of the thoughts or the imagination over this multitude of parts of which there is no variety. The mere number of them has no charm which can interest the fancy; for, as soon as it comprehends one, it has, at the same time, comprehended all. But where there is multiplicity, each part operates in some measure as a whole; we are agreeably astonished to find that so many things constitute only one. But in order that the multiplicity of parts may not perplex by their number, there should be harmony and arrangement; this makes number and variety easy of comprehension. Of this multiplicity no part should individually or exclusively interest; since it would impede the comprehension of a whole by fixing the attention on itself alone. Accordingly, in respect to the greatness of the parts, each should have a suitable relation to the rest; and in respect to the form, the colour and other properties which strike the senses or the imagination, there should be a good agreement and harmony. Where there is a great multitude of little parts, they should be combined in large groupes, so that we may not compare the least with the whole, but with the principal part of which it is a member. Where all these properties are united, beauty is; but still not that paradisaical or celestial beauty, which works us into ecstacies of bliss. The beauty, whose properties we have delineated, excites complacency; but it is confined to the fancy, and only gently and superficially affects the heart. But men, who, without heart and without understanding, are all imagination, find it a source of satisfaction. Virtuosos of the lighter species, who live, as it were, on vapour and air, and who are agitated with emotion by a breeze, often speak with rapture of this kind of beauty. The deception is to them a source of happiness. A higher species of the beautiful arises from a close connection of the perfect, the beautiful and the good. This produces not merely satisfaction, but that interior delight, which often acquires the mastery of the whole soul, and produces the purest reality of bliss."

The author proceeds in the next article, entitled 'Beauty,' to give a representation of the higher species of beauty, the model of which he takes from the human form, where the external appearance is in unison with the internal character, where the good, the perfect, and the beautiful are combined. If we examine the opinions of metaphysicians and philosophers from the days of Plato to our own on the nature of beauty and the properties of the beautiful, we shall find the utmost discordancy to prevail. All are agreed that there is such a thing as beauty, whether it be a material form or an ideal existence, but hardly any two writers coincide in the analysis. When they come to resolve beauty into its constitu-

ent parts, some assign to it properties very different from others; though the sensation which is common to all, seems to differ not in kind but in degree. If beauty be something real and permanent, it cannot, according to the theory of some writers, and as we ourselves once thought, depend on early sympathy or fortuitous combinations. That beauty is something real and permanent, and that it is composed of certain elementary properties which may be differently modified or combined, but cannot be entirely removed, may be proved not only from the universality of the sensation, but from this reflection, that there are certain forms which please independent of all adscititious ideas, and acquired associations. Forms, which have none of the constituents of beauty, may indeed become pleasing by the effect of association; but, as Sülzer has remarked, though it is of the nature of beauty to please, many things please which are not beautiful. But the forms of beauty please independent of all associations, without any regard to the material quality or the internal contrivance of the object. That beauty will indeed be viewed with a greater degree of pleasure, which, at the same time, pleases by a knowledge of its quality, or where there is a certain infusion of moral approbation, to increase the satisfaction. The sensation of beauty is often heightened by that of utility, of fitness and proportion; and hence, utility, fitness and proportion, which are only occasional accessaries to the effect, have by many been thought the essential constituents of the thing. Beauty, in its proper acceptation, refers only to the exterior surface without regarding the interior organization of the active properties;—but the physical beauty of a moral agent will never please so much as where there is a combined feeling of moral approbation. But we must be careful not to mistake the fortuitous associates for the primary constituents of the beautiful. As the subject itself is curious and interesting, and as the improvement of taste depends on our having a correct idea of the beautiful, we will furnish a sort of brief epitome of the different opinions which have been held on the subject from the age of Plato to our own. In his Hippias Major, Plato discusses the nature of the beautiful; but from which all we learn is that neither the useful, nor the good, nor the agreeable constitute the essence of the beautiful. St. Austin wrote a treatise on the beautiful, which is not preserved in the mass of his theological labours: but from some passages in his works we learn that he made unity, including probably in the idea proportion and fitness to an end, the essential constituent of beauty. *Omnis pulchritudis forma unitas est*, says he in his 18th epistle, with which we may compare the

thirtieth and following chapters of his works *de vera Relig.* and the thirteenth chapter of the sixth book of the treatise *De Musica*. August. Niphus (libri duo, de *pulchro* primus, de amore sec. Rom. 1531. 4. Lugd. B. 1549, 8vo. and in his Opusc. Paris 1645, 4.) places beauty in an exact relation of things to the end for which they were designed. The subject has been treated by Nic. Franco (Dial. ove si ragia della Bellezza, Cas. 1542. 4. Ven. 1542. 8.); by Nic. Vit. di Gozze (Dial. della Bellezza, Ven. 1581. 4); by Torq. Tasso: Minturno, Dial. della Bellezza. opposth.); by Aug. Vogel (Καλλονία. Pulchri contemplatio, Lips. 1601. 4); by Ernst Valnius (Tract. de pulchritudine juxta ea, quæ de sponsa in cantico pronuntiantur. Bruss. 1662, 8.). J. P. de Crousaz, Traite de Beau, Amst. 1713, 12. makes multiplicity, unity, order and proportion the constituents of beauty. Lord Shaftesbury considers beauty as inseparably united with virtue and with truth; and according to him that body is beautiful, when the whole and the parts are so disposed as to secure its activity, flexibility, and strength. Hutchinson in his Enquiry into the original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, places beauty itself in unity connected with multiplicity; and he makes a distinction between absolute and relative beauty, as far as satisfaction can be produced by the imitation of a model which is not beautiful. P. Andre (Essai sur le Beau, Paris 1741. 12. Amst. 1759. 12.) agrees with St. Austin in considering unity as the essence of beauty. Diderot, in the article Beau, which was written for the Encyclopedie and which is printed in the complete collection of his works, Lond. 1773. 8. after examining the opinions of former writers on the subject, considers every thing as beautiful which excites the idea of proportion or relation; and accordingly there is a moral, physical, musical, literary, &c. as well as essential and relative beauty, as every thing may be either considered in itself or compared with others. And as every particular thing may be compared with many others, it may proportionably or relatively be considered as beautiful, or the contrary. The article Beau by Marmontel, in the Iverdun edition of the Encyclopedie, as well as in that of Berne and Lausanne, makes the properties of the beautiful to consist in *force, richesse, et intelligence*. To these words we do not ourselves affix any very definite ideas; but the writers of metaphysics in all ages seem to claim the privilege of not being understood. In 1752 was published in London, Crito, or a Dialogue on Beauty, by Jos. Spence, and in 1756 a work entitled, Idea of Beauty; but these were eclipsed by the far-famed production of Edmund Burke in 1757, on the Sublime and Beautiful. This elegant writer makes the sensible qualities of the beautiful to

consist in,—comparative smallness of size—smoothness of surface,—variety in the direction of the parts, without angular points or projections, but gradually meeting into each other,—delicacy of frame,—colours clear and bright, but not offensively or ostentatiously glaring, or where there are any glaring colours, softened by mixture and contrast with others. Kant, in his Critik der urtheilskraft, Berlin 1790, explains the beautiful, as that which by its immediate action on the mind produces general delight, which pleases without any effort to please, which appears regular without any idea of design; which excites the feeling of complacency as if by inspiration! Spoletti (Saggio sopra Bellezza, Rom. 1765) explains beauty as a modification inherent in the object, and he makes self-love the source of the satisfaction which beauty produces. Marcenay de Ghuy (Essai sur la Beauté, Paris, 1770) places beauty in an harmonious assemblage of proportions according to the nature of the object. Donaldson (in his Elements of Beauty, Lond. 1787) says that the impression of beauty on the mind arises either from light, sound, motion, or from similitude, resemblance, contrast, personification, character or expression. Malespina (delle legge de Bello, Pavia 1791. 8.) makes unity, multiplicity, fitness the constituent properties of beauty; he compares spiritual, moral and physical beauty with each other; he considers the fine, delicate, agreeable and sublime the elements of the first, and concludes with an analysis of beauty in the arts. In the second part of his work, he applies his principles to painting, and explains in what consists the beauty of the invention, the arrangement, the expression, the light and shade, and the colouring. Sayers, in his Disquisitions metaphysic and literary, London, refers the principle of beauty to the association of ideas, and considers that as the most perfect beauty or as the standard of the beautiful, 'with the whole appearance or with the components parts of which, (when properly understood) all the excellences of its kind are universally associated.' Gerard, in his Essay on Taste, resolves the sensation of beauty, or taste for the beautiful, into uniformity, multiplicity and proportion, into the fitness of means to an end and splendor of appearance. Home, in his Elements of Criticism, distinguishes the beauty which is perceived by the senses from that beauty of proportion which arises from the knowledge of the fitness or usefulness of a thing; and places the former in the colour, figure, size and motion of the object. He inquires whether beauty be an original or derived property, and he determines in favour of the last. I. Christ. König, in his Philosophie der Schö-

nen Künste; treats of the próper idea of beauty, of beauty in a metaphorical sense, and of the different degrees of beauty. He ascribes beauty only to visible and sensible objects; and explains this as that property by which objects please of themselves, and he divides all beauty into natural and artificial. A. S. Schott, in his 'Theorie der Sch. Wissenschaften,' considers sensible perfection as the basis of beauty; but he makes a distinction between the simple and compound. Charl. Henr. Heydenreich, in his System *der Aesthetik*, distributes all beauty into four classes—that by which pleasure is excited by an immediate impression on the senses without any intervention of the judgment; that of which the charm depends on fortuitous associations of certain images and ideas with certain objects; that of which the force depends on the essential relations of certain forms and sounds to certain states of men; and that which excites pleasure by the relation of certain objects, images, ideas, thoughts and actions to the laws of the mind or of the speculative and practical intellect. Herman Sen Rate, Disc. sur le Beau ideal, des Peintres, &c. explains the ideal beautiful of the painter to consist in a touching unity, not only of every member with respect to the body to which it belongs, but of every part with respect to the member of which it is a part; as an infinite variety of parts though conformable to every particular subject. Hogarth's line of beauty is well known. Cozens in his Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head, Lond. 1778, divides beauty in general into the simple and compound. The simple, according to him, is one and the same at all times and in all places; and may subsist without any predominant capacity of the soul. He compares it with pure elementary water, which has neither taste, smell nor colour. The characteristic arises from the addition of different properties, of which he reckons sixteen. Falconet, (Quelques Idées sur le Beau dans l'Art; Laus. 1781,) makes the beautiful to consist in proportion, harmony and perfection. Amid this jarring diversity of opinions we might be almost tempted to believe that there was no such thing as beauty, or that it was a property quite undetermined or unknown. Yet in all objects which are confessedly beautiful, there appear to be some properties which are common to each; in which the form of beauty must essentially reside. Or, if in examining a certain number of objects confessedly beautiful, we would attentively mark the sensations which are excited in common by each, those sensations would constitute the essence of the beautiful considered in the nature of its action on the mind. Sülzer's definition of the beautiful is on the whole more dif-

ferent in the expression than in the reality from that of Burke. Sülzer says that the form must be determinate, and comprehended without painful exertion. Burke says that the form should be comparatively small. Sülzer's sensation of multiplicity, but so disposed and melted into unity, as to exhibit nothing glaring or offensive in particular parts, corresponds in a great measure with Burke's idea of smoothness and gradual variation of surface. In this place we are considering not moral or intellectual, but merely visible and tangible beauty. But that beauty which is most potent in its effects is a compound of the morally and the physically beautiful. This beauty is to be seen only in the human form. "To form a finished human beauty," said Burke, "and to give it its full influence, the face must be expressive of such gentle and amiable qualities, as correspond with the softness, smoothness and delicacy of the outward form." This is agreeable to the opinion of Sülzer.

'Every thing,' says he, 'which one sex expects in another, as agreeable to nature, should be promised in the appearance of the person; and that form is the most beautiful which promises most. But these claims do not centre entirely in external performances and corporeal wants; the more men are advanced in perfection of character, the higher they carry their expectations; intelligence, penetration, and the marks of mind, which every man believes that a more perfect man should have, are properties of beauty which the eye requires even in the external form. The appearance of deformity leads us to conjecture that in the persons in whose form it exists, there is some interior imperfection, which is indicated in the blemish of the exterior form. The external form may express the internal character of the man; and, if this happen, the pleasure which we have in the interior worth contributes the largest share to the pleasureable operation of the external form. We prize that in the external form which pleases us in the internal disposition. We see the soul in the body; the degree of its activity and strength—

> The cheek's warm blush, the eye's strong light, display
> A higher bloom, a more refulgent day.

Before the mouth open or a limb move, we see whether a soft or a lively feeling open the one or move the other. When all the limbs are quite at rest, we remark beforehand whether they move quick or slow, with awkwardness or grace. The external and the internal character, between which, as we suppose, nature has established a perfect harmony, may by accidents or mistakes be so disguised, that a very penetrating eye and more than common sagacity may be requisite to prevent us from being deceived concerning the real nature of the thing. Sickness and other unfortunate occurrences

may either long obscure or for ever destroy the most beautiful form of love. How little are men able, in such cases, still to discriminate the original lineaments of a perfect form in the wrecks of perished beauty! But how should he, who cannot do this, be able to remark the natural harmony between the form and the internal worth of the individual? If, of all visible beauty, the human form be the most beautiful; and if this beauty, besides the agreeableness of the form, which proceeds from the multiplicity, proportion and arrangement of the parts which captivate the eye, awaken the perception of internal perfection and good, which are appareled in the robe of the exterior figure, we may hence form a general ideal of the beautiful. It will captivate, through its palpable agreeableness, the external senses or the imagination, while it puts a spell on the attention; but, on a closer consideration, it will by the internal perfection, which is incorporated in the beautiful material, enchant the understanding and excite a lively perception of truth, wisdom and perfection, in which a thinking being finds the highest satisfaction. It will warm the heart with sensations of the good: it will indicate an excellence and activity which point to happiness and attach us to it by the charm of love. It is accordingly, that which at once ravishes the soul with ecstacy; since it, at the same time, supplies delight to the senses, to the mind and heart. In whatever work of nature or of art we find that these three powers,—the senses, the understanding, and the heart, are captivated, to that work we may ascribe perfect beauty. And the operations of perfect beauty are the same, however different the kind of the beautiful object may be. If we were to contemplate the statue of some distinguished personage from the pen of Phidias, we should feel much the same as on hearing some of the most illustrious patriotic speeches of Cicero; only with this difference, that, in the one it is the eye, in the other the ear, which serves to convey the sensation of the beautiful. In the one the eye is captivated by the dignity and symmetry of the form, and a thousand lovely impressions; in the other the ear perceives the utmost diversity of harmony. But in both cases the mind and the heart are alike affected; in both we see a man of the most elevated genius, of acute intellect and correct judgment; of a capacious heart, which displays the most noble propensities and the most beneficent sentiments. In both cases we find, amid the enjoyment of the sweetest pleasure, the heart struggling with a certain grandeur of sensation and conception; and in both find that the beautiful object fills it with admiration and with love.'

We have not room for more extracts; or there are various articles in these illustrations of taste, which we could with pleasure select for the instruction and amusement of our readers. The artist, the connoisseur and the lovers of polite literature in general, may derive much improvement from the perusal of the present volume. The translation itself is executed with no common portion of ability; and exhibits

a command of perspicuous and elegant language, which has all the fluency and ease of an original composition.

ART. II.—*Physical and Metaphysical Inquiries.* 8vo. 7s. *boards.* Longman, 1806.

WE may divide the antagonists of the Berkleian theory respecting the non-existence of matter, into two classes, founded upon a distinction which has been admitted to exist in the very essence of philosophers since the time of Adam to the present day. To the one we may apply the name of the laughing, to the other that of the crying sect. The partisan of the former is continually enjoying himself at the expence of this theory, and is not only merry in himself, but endeavours to be the cause of mirth in other men. Every weapon of ridicule and wit is successively handled to provoke a smile in his associates; pleasant conceits and humorous illustrations, the paronomasia, antonomasia, the antiphrasis and hypotyposis, together with every other figure and artifice of rhetoric, are occasionally employed, till the concentrated effect reduces all the social company to the necessity of holding their sides for fear of certain dangerous mechanical consequences.

The latter sect assumes a very different tone. Looking at this theory with horror and distrust, they communicate their spleen and melancholy to every neighbouring object. It is a sort of watchword to set them on their guard against the indulgence of any placid or benign disposition. It is a spring which, being touched, unfolds into emotion every rankling passion and malign inclination. The same sun which gilds the rest of nature shines not on their anxious countenances. They express themselves in terms which convey nothing but ideas of gloom and dissatisfaction. They forebode the most serious evils, and effectually torture themselves and others.

That the same causes should produce very opposite effects on different constitutions, however it may surprise the ignorant and uninstructed, excites no wonder in the breast of the attentive observer of human nature, who discovers precisely the same variety in the effect produced on different temperaments by green or black tea, and many other constituents in the daily diet of mankind. It must, however, be confessed that the process by which this difference of effect is produced in the present instance, is itself very different, and may, therefore, in some degree, account for the variety

which we have noticed. The laughers, without any reference to the probable consequences, may, ignorantly and unphilosophically, allowing that no harm could possibly result from the practical application of the theory in question, as it might, according to them, really exist without any imputation on the goodness of the Deity, derive all their amusement from the terms in which it is expressed, without penetrating at all into the secret of its composition. The cryers are in a constant state of alarm, and nervous irritation, from an idea they have taken into their heads (nobody knows how, as they have not any more than the other party, analysed the ingredients) of certain poisonous qualities, which, in the end, must, if not counteracted, destroy themselves, and finally exterminate all mankind. They are fully persuaded that its first tendency is to annihilate all distinctions, to make a candle for instance pass for 'an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the Island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades,' or nothing at all, or any one of these, for any other, or any thing else, with much the same richness of imagination, fecundity of invention and variety of combination, as is generally exhibited in a well known ænigma which asserts that all these things, or as many more things as the patience of the audience will admit, or the particular imagination of the proposer can supply, may all be described by three letters.

The concatenation of cause and effect is so complicated, their ramifications so numerous, that there is hardly one circumstance or event in nature which is not some way or other connected with some other event or circumstance. To explain various consequences and relations of certain things we hear, see or feel, is, therefore, a task which the most hardy philosopher will not pretend to undertake, or undertaking, would not hope to accomplish. The same difficulty attends the explanation of a singular phenomenon which results from a combination of the above-mentioned facts. From the amalgamation of the two opposite qualities of mirth and lamentation in their antagonists, the advocates for the Berkleian theory never contemplate these two sects without a strange propensity to laughter; whether it be that nature is more inclined to laugh than cry, or that the exhilarating effects arise from a combination similar to that which constitutes the celebrated gaseous oxyd of azot. It has been asserted by some philosophers, indeed, that to laugh is to feel conscious of superiority; and as in most instances which have come within our notice some mixture of contempt has evidently accompanied this laughter, we might, perhaps, be right in ascribing it to a

cause of this kind. One thing, however, is certain, that the enemy has been very feeble, and as far as we are able to ascertain, the Berkleians are entrenched within a strong fortress, which, as it has hitherto been impregnable, inspires them with a degree of courage and dignity proportioned to the idea of their power.

Reader, if such thou art, it is unnecessary to be more minute. A new champion appears in the opposition ranks, professing to be armed according to the rules of chivalry and with fair weapons, though with his vizor down, and with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

It will be granted without much difficulty, that in the field of battle it would be impolite for the soldier of fortune to challenge an adversary whom he has never seen; and we should impute not only rashness but insanity to the adventurer, who should attack his enemy with a bandage drawn over his eyes so as effectually to exclude the light. We critics, whether in the right or wrong, are apt to extend this analogy to argument, and to imagine that, *mutatis mutandis*, the same precautions are necessary in the fluid of controversy. How much soever the sense of mankind may go against this prejudice, there is a strange perverseness in our nature which leads us, in spite of opposition, to assert our opinions upon every fair occasion, and, in fact, to decide the merits of every cause by this rule, in the first instance. It will not be expected that we should deviate from our plan on the present occasion; and to enable our readers to judge by the same standard, we shall make them acquainted with the personal endowments and positions of the Berkleian. They will thus more easily discover the prudence and sagacity of his new opponent.

'I am,' says Berkeley, 'of a vulgar cast, simple enough to believe my senses, and leave things as I find them. It is my opinion, that the real things are those very things I see and feel and perceive by my senses. That a thing should really be perceived by my senses, and at the same time not really exist, is to me a plain contradiction. When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind, I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind, since I find them by experience, to be independent of it. There is, therefore, some other mind wherein they exist during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them; as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my annihilation. And as the same is true with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows there is an *omnipotent eternal mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such

rules, as he himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the law of nature.'

And again:

'The question between the materialists and me is not, whether things have a real existence out of the mind of *this* or *that* person? but, whether they have an absolute existence, distinct from being perceived by *God*, and exterior to *all minds*? I assert, as well as they, that since we are affected from without, we must allow powers to be, without, in a being distinct from ourselves. So far we are agreed. But then we differ as to the kind of this powerful being. I will have it to be spirit; they matter, or I know not what third nature. Thus I prove it to be spirit: from the effects I see produced, I conclude there are actions; and because actions, volitions (for I have no notion of any action distinct from volition); and because there are volitions, there must be a will. Again, the things I perceive must have an existence, they or their archetypes out of my mind: but being ideas, neither they nor their archetypes can exist otherwise than in an understanding: there is therefore an understanding. But will and understanding constitute in the strictest sense a mind or spirit. The powerful cause, therefore, of my ideas is, in strict propriety of speech, a spirit.'

'By the principles premised we are not deprived of any one thing in nature. Whatever we see, feel, hear, or any wise conceive or understand, remains as secure as ever, and is as real as ever. There is a *rerum natura*, and the distinction between realities and chimeras retains its full force. I do not argue against the existence of any one thing that we can apprehend, either by sense or reflexion. That the things I see with mine eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question. The only thing whose existence we deny, is that which philosophers call matter or corporeal substance.'

These arguments our author answers by the following conclusive observations, which furnish a sort of physiognomonical character, and authorize us to rank him among the crying philosophers.

'Miserable and hopeless would the state of man be, if he were by the very constitution of his mind consigned to everlasting error and delusion in the first principles of human knowledge. If the foundation be bad, the whole superstructure must be insecure. If you take away matter and its properties, what will be left behind? Nothing that we can discover, but the fleeting shadows of imagination, which will on all occasions elude our grasp; we shall perceive nothing before us but a chasm, a dark wilderness, which if we attempt to penetrate, we shall share the fate of the benighted traveller, who by pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, lands in the marsh, instead of finding a comfortable house and a place of safety.'

Startled by the lively representation of dangers described in this passage, we began to fancy ourselves al-

ready at the brink of the terrible marsh, and it required the utmost effort of courage and resolution to believe that the object of our pursuit was not this same fantastic ignis fatuus. We proceeded, however, from shame of retreating, and, as the event will shew, escaped not till we had been immersed over head and ears in a most confounded quagmire, so ill-timed and dangerous is the quality of courage upon some occasions.

'If,' he continues, 'we reject matter, upon what are we to employ our minds, or how shall we collect our ideas? The whole principles of science and all the arts are *founded upon the properties of matter*. The chemist, the mathematician, the physician, the farmer and the mechanic, derive all their knowledge by *investigating the powers and relations of matter*; even the moralist and the divine explain their ideas and illustrate their doctrines *by means of material things*."

After reading this eloquent appeal to the understanding we made a pause, and, before many minutes had elapsed, affected by a strength of argument we had never before encountered, could not help acknowledging, that 'these things were so and no slumber.' And shall it be said of us that, from mere renitency against conviction, we abandon our most important interests? shall we, from mere obstinacy, still pursue this insidious ignis fatuus, and renounce for ever our favourite acids and alkalies, our cube root and our square root, ipecacuanha and rhubarb, gypsum and clay, pullies and levers? Shall we convert our moral sense into nonsense, and our sermons into soporifics? By the same rule we must relinquish all the luxuries of the table, nay, lose for ever our characters as Englishmen, by resigning all solid pretensions to roast beef and plum pudding. We are not such fools.

'If,' pursues our author, 'we deny the existence of matter, science and art would be annihilated; all our idea of beauty (here we sighed) and proportion, figure and magnitude, number and variety, would be for ever lost; all our natural pleasures would be destroyed. All our concerts and balls, all our assemblies and picnics, our fox-hunting, hare-hunting, coursing, fishing and shooting must fall a sacrifice to this execrable doctrine.'

With such arguments before us and such passions within we will, depend upon it, never give ourselves up to a miserable and hopeless state, nor decay from mere want of nourishment.

Satisfied and convinced we proceeded, and soon discovered that Bishop Berkeley, the author of this strange theory, had deceived himself and his followers by confounding sensation

with the object that produces it, and with the idea arising from it. What, says the bishop, are houses, mountains, rivers, in a word, all sensible objects, but the things we perceive by sense, and what do we perceive besides our own ideas and sensations? and is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these or any combination of them, should exist unperceived? It appears that the worthy bishop has here reckoned without his host:

'Every man who bestows the least consideration upon the subject will discover a very capital error in the answer to this query. There can be nothing more absurd than to say that the thing we perceive is the same thing with the perception of it; this is as much as to say, that the cause is the same thing with the effect. In order to produce an idea arising from sensation, there must be a succession of causes; 1st, the external object; 2dly, the sensation; 3dly, the idea arising from the sensation. The distinction betwixt each of these will be obvious, when we consider, that though we were possessed of the quickest senses and the most acute mind we never could obtain one sensation if there existed no external object. Again, though we were surrounded by ten thousand objects we never could obtain one idea concerning them without sensation. *Hence* it is *plain* that the external object is the *cause* of the sensation, and sensation the *cause* of the idea; the *external object is without*, but the sensation is within us.'

Can we with any propriety or respect for our readers enter upon a serious confutation of a passage abounding with such indecent misrepresentations and gross assumptions? It is almost an insult to the most ordinary capacity to say that in the passages which we have quoted the author first supposes a matter doubtful which was never disputed, and then begging the question which forms the basis of the enquiry, proceeds through his whole argument upon the supposition that matter exists, and that the separate existence of external objects is necessary to produce an idea from sensation. In this last sentence Berkeley is so far from saying that the thing we perceive is the same thing with the perception of it, that he asserts just the reverse. To perceive by sense, is, according to him, to possess a particular kind of knowledge through the medium of the senses. But sensation (allowing perhaps a false and unphilosophical distinction) only communicates ideas, and these are the objects of the mind's contemplation. The thing perceived, then, is an idea, and the perception of this idea a property of the mind. How then is the thing perceived the same thing with the perception of it? Berkeley analyses the evident process by which knowledge is acquired as far as it may safely be pursued. Our author, like

his masters, instead of confining himself to his vaunted *common* sense (a term *indeed* used upon all occasions in opposition to *the evidence of the senses*) excludes the means of knowledge, and turns out of his way in search of the origin of ideas, which, in the present stage, has at least nothing to do with the question. Berkeley adheres to a position, which all parties mean to allow, that the mind is distinct from the object which is perceived. This author confounds *idea* with *mind*, or at least, sets aside the necessity for ideas as a medium of communication, and destroys the forged chain of cause and effect, which he had wrought with so much noise and so strong a hand, at the instant of its fabrication. By removing this immediate object of the mind's contemplation, he involves this original theory, however contradicted by his own words, that there is no need of any thing for knowledge besides an external world and mind, which latter comprehends at once every thing which is doing abroad and at once perceives external things in their essence. We cannot, however, still help thinking that the senses are of some use, that the immediate object of the mind's contemplation is an idea, and that, upon these grounds, and others which are admitted (such, for instance, as the nonresemblance between ideas and their archetypes,) beyond this idea the mind has no knowledge derived through sensation, as we cannot know that which it does not perceive, and the very essence of an idea consists in being perceived.

Our author continues in the same strain of ignorance, misrepresentation and contradiction.

'This mode,' he says, 'of confounding one with another, is carried through the whole of Berkeley's reasoning. His great aim seems to be to rob matter of all its properties, and then to laugh at us for pursuing an ignis fatuus. All these, according to him, are merely ideas or sensations; which he always links together, as if they were the same thing. One of his fundamental arguments is drawn from the nonresemblance betwixt the qualities of matter and our sensations; and because there is no resemblance he concludes that material objects can have no existence; "for, says he, though this did exist, it is impossible for us to know it: because by sense we know nothing but our own ideas and sensations." I readily grant that there is no resemblance betwixt our sensations and the material objects by which they are produced, and it is strange that any sect of philosophers should have conceived that there ought to be a resemblance, as there is nothing in nature which could lead to it. No effect is like its cause, nor is it at all necessary that it should be.'

We will inform our author (for we shall no longer insult our reader's common sense) that Berkeley, so far from rob-

bing matter of its properties, denied even the very existence of matter, and at the same time allowed, on the testimony of his senses, every property which does or can affect the senses. That he would have laughed at him for pursuing his ignis fatuus we have no doubt, as there is just ground for laughter; and, as we may likewise be laughed at for pursuing *him*, we will at least in justice to our readers endeavour to prevent them from sharing a similar fate.

The position that an idea can be like nothing but another idea, seems to irritate our author considerably, as he talks, with some petulance, of Berkeley, 'who appears to plume himself much upon the definition.' He endeavours also to found a distinction between idea and sensation, which we think unauthorized by any data. If Berkeley, as he says, confounds them, and if, therefore, they do not affect the truth of his hypothesis, we might, perhaps, be inclined to go even beyond Berkeley, and affirm that sensation without idea is a term without meaning. Sensation *is* the communication of an idea by means of certain organs, without the possibility of a separate existence. They must at all events be synchronous, that the one may exist, and to attempt to divide them is to attempt an impossibility. No arrangement, even for the sake of philosophical accuracy, can in our opinion admit this distinction. When our author asserts that every man who examines his own mind will find his ideas are not at all resemblances or patterns of his sensations, does he mean to say that the sensation of pain exists without an idea of pain, and that the idea of pain is in no respect similar to what he calls in distinction, the sensation? We are rather disposed to think he only confounds here the ideas of different senses, that is, species entirely distinct and heterogeneous, and means only that the house we see is not like the smell of the rose, and that the idea of pain derived through the sense of feeling is dissimilar from the idea of the pain acquired by the sense of sight, and so forth. If, as he and we strenuously maintain, there is no resemblance betwixt the idea and the cause of that idea, and if, as he pretends, an idea is not like an idea, what is an idea like, we would ask? To give up the resemblance, he may recollect, is to give up the only ground upon which, if it could be proved, the existence of matter could be proved; and to give up the resemblance of one idea with another, is to renounce the only supposition which can be made in the dilemma to which we are reduced by the former concession.

But our author reverts to his favourite theory, by which he excludes sensation and ideas altogether. It is, he asserts, *the character of the material object* that is impressed upon

our minds, and *not* the character of our sensations, and, afterwards, confounding idea and sensation, and, forgetting a distinction he has just vindicated with so much warmth, maintains that the characters of our ideas are *the character of matter.* Here the mind without the mediation of sensation springs immediately upon his darling matter, and, in spite of the contradiction, ideas are allowed to exist, and a resemblance is asserted between matter and ideas, which before he would have us believe did not exist. The absolute existence of matter is also here asserted in very clear and distinct terms, without any fear of admitting a mode of argument which some logicians are apt to reject under the title of *petitio principii.* The sum total of his argument is this: 'In seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling, do not the senses communicate the idea *of a material object?* Every man's experience will best decide this point, and to it I appeal.' In answer to this we assert, upon the honour of critics, that we have through the senses no knowledge of any material object, though we agree with Berkeley, that we certainly feel the impression of something acting from without, and certainly know that it is not produced by any thing within, which fact is confirmed by every experiment we can make upon the subject. It is not confirmed by the evidence of one single sense only, but all the senses declare the same thing.

To prove that matter does exist, and that our sensations cannot be the production of the Deity, he, as usual, begs the question, by assuming the existence of matter, and then laying it down as undeniable, that no being can give that which he does not possess, applies to his readers for a confirmation of this truth, that if the Deity be immaterial he cannot possess *material* properties, for this is impossible. He desires any man to try to conceive how a spirit could personify *matter*, or produce those sensations which arise from *material* properties. If, as he assumes, matter does exist, there is no necessity for such an interference of the Deity. We readily allow no being can communicate what he does not possess, but we deny the existence of matter. If he would occasionally supply us with the shadow of an argument in its favour, we should be spared the trouble of exclaiming at the end of every sentence, 'All this may be very true, but first prove to us that matter exists.'

The argument against Berkeley from dreams, &c. is as logical and convincing as the rest. In the first place Berkeley never asserted that all our sensations may be produced in dreams, though he naturally enough asserts that they might 'be produced without the action of *material bodies*;' his argu-

ment going *in part* to disprove the existence of material bodies? To make Berkeley assert that all our sensations might be produced in dreams, that is, when the senses are not acting at all, is to convict him of something like a bull. To make him assert that the senses are the only channels of knowledge or sources of ideas, is to make him disavow his fundamental distinction among the objects of knowledge, namely, that they are either ideas actually imprinted on the senses, or else such as are perceived by attending to the passions and operations of the mind; or lastly, ideas formed by help of memory and imagination, either compounding, dividing, or barely representing those originally perceived in the aforesaid ways. It is to make him contradict himself, and unsay what he a thousand times repeats, namely, that the ideas of sense are more regular, vivid, and constant than those of the imagination; and in fact to make him abandon the senses, whose power he vindicates as warmly as the most orthodox materialist can do without transgressing the boundaries of logic and philosophy. That the ideas occurring in dreams have nothing to do with sensation (the senses being then torpid) we might readily admit, but as steadily maintain that we have in dreams ideas of an external world or external existence, though, as Berkeley shews, less vivid than those derived through sensation; and this is all Berkeley's argument requires. Our author's supposition and illustration involves a contradiction which never entered the head of this distinguishing philosopher. The physical and metaphysical inquirer, as usual, assumes his data, and then draws wrong inferences.

In attempting to disprove the reality of the distinction adopted by metaphysicians concerning the qualities of matter, an arbitrary distinction of which, he says, the bishop has taken advantage, he enters into a verbal dispute which has no reference to the question before us. He objects to the term primary, because the properties so called, 'though the most distinguishing properties of gross and bulky bodies, are the most remote and imperceptible properties of the original particles of matter.' Poor Berkeley's 'vulgar' notions with regard to the evidence of the senses in which he placed so much confidence, are, indeed, most unmercifully handled in this insidious attack. He is sadly abused because he referred only to what we do see and feel, and was unwilling to proceed in the dark. Trusting to his senses as sure guides, he confined himself within the limits of sensation. Our author's transcendental schemes lead him on to intangibles and invisibles, which he assumes as the basis of an hypothesis which common sense at once rejects as absurd and contradictory. Though, however, all this discussion rests only on a quibble

it is also, as before observed, nothing to the purpose. It signifies little what names are given, provided such names describe, as in this case, what is meant. Locke and Berkeley are not in the least affected by the distinction, as they argued only with regard to impressions made on the senses, and the latter having denied the existence of matter, could not be much affected by any disquisitions respecting its nature. The advantage which Berkeley is with much ill-nature said to have taken, of some concessions on the part of his adversaries, was in illustration rather than in confirmation of his doctrines, as the author might have discovered if he had ever taken the pains to read half a dozen pages of the Principles of Human Knowledge.

We shall not harass our readers or selves by dwelling upon a variety of instances of a similar nature which our author extends through many pages, and which, leaving the original question precisely where it stood, prove only what no one has ever attempted to deny. Of this original question they steer so clear that there is nothing in the shape of an allusion to it, much less any attempt at argument. This surprises us the more when we revert to the first page of his performance, and observe the violent effects produced on our author's mind by the theory in question, against which he positively denounces vengeance and utter annihilation. That his anger should terminate in this threat we had not the most distant idea, and can only explain it from certain prudential motives which induced him not to attack an adversary whom he had never seen.

Having, then, assumed the separate existence of matter, it may be satisfactory to our readers to know, that it is essentially possessed of various degrees of energy and power, in opposition to the doctrine which teaches that it is dead and inert, or, in other words, incapable of action and motion; that it possesses not motion as an original power (mark the nice difference between power and capacity) its universal tendency being to a state of rest; and that, as it is indestructible, it is, therefore, self-created and eternal. In order to explain the power *or* capacity (mark the supposed difference) of matter to produce the effects we hear, see and feel, and in order to connect two parts of his subject, our author makes the following distinction; Accident, necessity and intelligence are the three agents or causes of what we hear, see and feel, &c. By *accident* he means the meeting of two things which had no previous connection, as the meeting of two clouds; *necessity*, which he defines by its effects, is an incapability of change; *intelligence* implies contrivance and arrangement. It is the colleague, not the rival of necessity.

All the laws and properties of matter are, according to this author, strictly and truly necessary, but its combinations are not so in the same sense of the word. The laws and properties of matter are as unchangeable as its existence, because they are inherent in the original particles.

Matter then is subject to necessity, and the proof is to be found in the original particles; in other words, the laws and properties of matter, are not the production of intelligence, but, as we shall see, are only arranged and classified by intelligence, and adapted to particular ends. What are these laws and properties existing in the original particles, to which we are referred. We know none which he has allowed to exist, even among his own invisible and intangible atoms, besides adhesion and a tendency to rest; for, of figure, magnitude, solidity, and extension, we know nothing, and, as before said, his adhesion and rest can never be discovered, as we have no more evidence for their existence, than for that of any of the rest. Neither do we precisely comprehend what he means by the laws of matter inherent in the original particles, as distinct from the properties, and he does not himself seem to have very precise notions of a distinction under which he perpetually confounds properties and laws. He has, indeed, named the attractions. Let us say then, according to his phraseology, adhesion and rest and the attractions, namely, the properties and laws of matter, are subject to necessity, whose character is an incapability of change. What, however, is the effect of these properties and laws necessarily belonging to matter? The only invariable consequence he shews to be the level-surface assumed by fluids, and the different kinds of crystallization, which, however, as he himself allows, cannot be *with certainty* considered as *any* consequence of these laws. In the pursuit of his inquiry, he passes on to consider 'how far the capacities of the material powers are adapted to produce the separate parts of animals; 2dly, to unite the different parts together in the order in which they exist; 3dly, to produce the instincts and passions of animals; and 4thly, the varieties of animals.' It appears that matter is incapable of producing any of these effects, a conclusion which was unnecessary for his antagonists, who deny material existence, and unnecessary for his friends, who will allow with him that the whole arrangement rests with intelligence. The inquiry was, moreover, superfluous, as its 1st, 2d and 4th division proceed on the supposition that necessity has the power of production and arrangement, and the 3d, that matter may communicate what it has not, namely, instinct and passions.

Then comes intelligence limited by these laws and properties of matter, consequently subordinate to necessity; for if mind cannot act except according to previously established laws, which, as he has positively asserted, it can never alter, there is surely not much freedom left, the will being, on all occasions, limited by the power. In the works of creation he discovers many instances of arrangement and design, and consequently brings them as proofs of intelligence. Unfortunately, however, for his theory, he sets out with contradicting himself by allowing intelligence a power over matter; and surely if the Deity can counteract a positive property of matter such as rest, and occasion motion, he is no longer subject to the laws of necessity any more than matter. There are several other slight inaccuracies of this kind in his illustration of the distinction which he has adopted. We shall, however, pass them over, as our observations might possibly extend to a volume larger than his own.

Our author with conscious security approaches the presence of Deity. He has none of the doubts or apprehensions which intimidate his fellow men upon such occasions. To *him* there is no mystery, no excess of light, all is clear and distinct. He laughs at those weak and deluded men 'who have not only clothed the Deity with a creative power and denied self-existence to every thing else, but have described him as almighty or infinite in power, and as filling all space or possessed of immensity; thus setting aside every limit to his power or his capacity, and making him both omnipotent and omnipresent.' Our readers will wonder how he contrives to deny all these attributes to the Deity with any decency of language. We can only answer that if the indecency be removed, it is only by the conviction which arises in the breast of every reader that the conclusions drawn are as incorrect as the premises, so that whenever indignation is excited, it is immediately quieted by the discovery of some contradiction or some absurdity which either destroys the idea of the author's sincerity, or renders him rather an object of compassion than of resentment.

Having allowed the Deity one attribute of matter, namely, self-existence, as inferred from indestructibility, in order to depreciate him in other respects, he endeavours to establish the absolute existence of evil on the narrow basis of first appearances, without any attempt to qualify the opinion by a reference to those general principles of benevolence and power, which the good man in every age has found sufficient to counterbalance the weight of apparent evil, by extending his views beyond the narrow sphere of immediate circumstances.

'If,' says our author, 'the Deity had been possessed of infinite power; if he had been the creator of matter, and had bestowed upon it all its powers and properties, it would have been easy for him to have guarded against every evil: he could have prevented the destructive flash of lightning, and the terrible explosion of the volcano; the devouring shock of the earthquake, and the existence of every pestilential disorder. Why did he not enrich the earth with never-failing fertility, and regulate the seasons so as to prevent the destruction of its precious productions? Why did he not,' our author continues, 'do a thousand things differently from what he has done? A being of ordinary goodness would have prevented every evil and bestowed every good in his power, for his own honour, and for the pleasure of beholding the perfection and happiness of his creatures.'

This is the usual cant of the disbeliever, and though we, perhaps, cannot accuse our author of intentional impiety, as his professed object is the conversion of atheists, we cannot help thinking that he has taken a very wrong mode of attaining this, and that the manner in which he has insisted upon these topics may not only render his sincerity questionable, but be attended with very mischievous consequences. It requires a better reasoner than himself to exalt, while he degrades and depreciates infinite goodness and power.

'That the system is not absolutely perfect,' he says, 'is undeniable, and therefore, the Deity is either not of infinite power or not infinite in goodness. It is only upon the principle of necessity that this imperfection can be accounted for; it is by this only, the existence of evil can be reconciled with the venerable character of the Deity as a just and good being.'

In this sentence he avowedly subjects the Deity to necessity, however he may subvert his former decisions which define intelligence to be the colleague not the rival of necessity, and assert that intelligence and free will are necessarily connected; positions the truth of which we may, perhaps, be inclined to deny, as a logical inference from his own argument. He is, however, remarkably tender with regard to man, over whom he is afraid of admitting the influence of this principle, though his whole argument places the Deity under its laws. If perfect intelligence is so situated surely it would be no great degradation to man as a being of limited intelligence to be subjected to the same laws with his Creator.

We have shewn what the necessity is to which matter is on his supposition devoted, and that, in the utmost extension of his doctrines, it is confined to the very doubtful properties of adhesion and rest, and the law of attraction; all which we might, possibly, by a considerable effort of the understanding, prove to be marks of wise and benevolent

contrivance, and *his* necessity only to be the effect of such a disposition. We shall, however, omit this proof, and satisfy ourselves by observing, that the whole tendency of our author's argument, however unintentional and unexpected, is, in fact, no other than a serious and unanswerable attack upon intelligence, or the wise arrangement and contrivance of the Deity. For, to adopt his own premises and illustrations, as the ultimate particles of matter are indestructible, and as matter has not the capacity of assuming animal forms, it is owing, as a necessary consequence, to the bad contrivance and unwise arrangements of the Deity, that life (which is confessedly his gift) is exposed to dangers, that the solid and material parts become unfit for action, that convulsions and volcanoes distress the earth. All these effects arise from a particular apposition and arrangement of particles, which is confessed to be neither the province of accident nor necessity, but of intelligence. Each particle (which our author conjures up) is destitute of the power of self-arrangement, and when arranged by intelligence, must, it will probably be conceded, act according to certain new laws, which, we must suppose, are imposed by the Deity, as one end of the particular disposition he has made. In consequence of this collocation the human frame decays, and, in consequence of the same, volcanoes take place. Could not intelligence, with a knowledge of the nature of his materials have taken care to separate from one another such particles as, in consequence of their particular and essential laws and properties, were likely to produce these violent effects. Could not another arrangement have been devised which should have admitted a perpetual renewal of these indestructible and quiescent atoms? With such materials as indestructible matter, and the gift of life, which is at the disposal of the Deity, might not man have been made immortal? Surely this must be granted even under the confined views which have been taken by the author of these Inquiries. As, then, the goodness and justice of the Deity are not questioned by either party, might it not be decent and quite as logical, to assert that those events which we consider as evils, are, nevertheless, the efforts of goodness conjoined with power as extensive?

Again, with regard to the moral defects of the system. It will be allowed that the moral attributes of man were bestowed, as they might be bestowed, on man by the Deity, without doing violence to a doctrine which supposes that no gift can proceed from a being who does not possess it. We shall say nothing here of the difficulty which attends the origin of the instincts and passions from the Deity, as the same applies equally to matter. If the Deity possessed thus much of power, why

should vice exist? as, if an evil, it might have been prevented, and why should not this argument act with as much force against the goodness, as the former was supposed to act against the power of the Deity? No one indeed will pretend that the evils of this class are not greater in appearance than those called physical evils, and the imputation should consequently fall more heavily on the goodness than under the former supposition it could attach to the power of the Deity.

A grand doctrine of this author is the improveableness of the Deity. We shall only say with regard to his argument that it is illogical. He first describes the human constitution, and goes to prove that the constitution of the Deity must be similar; and, then, reasoning in a circle, asserts from the *known* constitution of the Deity, that, if we resemble the Deity in any thing, it is in this. As improvableness is the grand and distinguishing feature of man, so must it likewise be of the Deity, and as the Deity is improvable, so must man who resembles him in this respect alone. We might, perhaps, be inclined to dispute the analogy; at all events, it is unnecessary to search it out in order to understand with the approbation of reason the manner in which the Deity finds enjoyment, as the subject remains as difficult of explanation as before. What similarity of powers authorizes us to insist upon this analogy in order to explain how that being finds enjoyment, who can communicate life and animation? or why should we pronounce that the Deity must be unhappy, unless, like man, he is in a constant state of progression?

There is, we might add, nothing very productive of confidence in the picture he has drawn of a Deity, who, like an ordinary workman, (setting aside a somewhat greater degree of power,) is, with the same materials, subjected to the same difficulties; who requires the same process of experience to ascertain every fact, and acquires new ideas only as he proceeds in his daily occupations. We can never be secure against the effects of his ignorance, nor certain, that in some grand experiment with nature, of whose results he is necessarily ignorant, this little spot which we call the world, or the universe itself, may not explode and be blown into its original atoms. The laboratory of the chemist furnishes instances enough, which, by the extension of a fair analogy, may be applied to illustrate the ruin which might be the consequence of such an expedient. Of omniscience, our author says not a syllable during the whole of his inquiry. It was better, indeed, to keep this out of sight, as it might have involved his subject in some serious difficulties.

Contrivance and the numerous varieties in the works of

nature, according to this inquirer, necessarily imply the improveableness of the Deity. In order to infer this attribute of the Deity from the works of nature, we should think it first necessary to ascertain whether these *are* in a progressive state. Have any new laws for the regulation of the natural world been discovered as operating now which did not exist in antient times? Have we any historical evidence of such facts? Have any new varieties of animals or plants sprung up without an apparent occasion, as emigration, transplantation, &c. in our own memory, that of our grandfathers, or their ancestors? There appears no tradition of the kind. Since the laws of nature have been observed, they seem to have acted uniformly, and, as they produce effects similar to those which have been always produced, we infer that they have acted always in the same manner as at present, according to a grand and fit system which displays the utmost power and wisdom together with the most benevolent design. Does it appear (and this is placing the question in its proper light) that the number or weight of evils, so called, is diminished since the commencement of history? Has the improvement of man actually taken place? We do not ask whether arts and sciences and luxury have increased, but is his happiness materially improved? Is his moral character decidedly better? Does man cease to prey upon man? Are wars and the rumours of wars at an end? Does private rapine cease? Are injustice and oppression more than a name? Without any reference to the fear of the magistrate, is the number of moral offences considerably diminished? Though there are some better men, are there not more vicious in proportion to the advancement of civilization, or, in other words, to the discovery of means which minister to private and public luxury? We propose these merely as questions which must be answered, before we can admit the data from which our author draws such numerous and such important inferences.

To conclude, allow the premises to be true, and at the same time keep in mind the opinions he has endeavoured to enforce respecting matter and its incapacity of change, there is, as must be evident, no ground whatever to hope that in the progress of time the evils which prevail, and which, according to himself, arise from the stubborn and immutable character of matter, will ever be in *any* measure remedied. We maintain that admit his premises, and his last inference can never follow. We can have no 'consoling hope, that *intelligent beings* are not doomed (though at present they are so) to be *eternally the sport of the blind laws of necessity*,' nor 'in a word that although mind can never become omnipotent over matter, which can only mean that it must eter-

nally be the sport of blind necessity) yet it shall continually approach to this extent of power.' To place this doctrine in another light, we may say, that, of two parallel lines, though the one can *never* touch the other, yet, being infinitely extended, they shall at last meet.

We must beg pardon of our readers for having detained them so long upon a production which can merit only their contempt, whether we consider its fundamental ignorance of the Berkleian theory, its gross misconceptions, or its illegitimate inferences. Let the author take every merit he may claim as a naturalist, we venture to pronounce him no metaphysician, and recommend him a little to distrust his abilities before he makes a second attack upon received opinions. As we have lately considered the doctrine of free will and necessity, and delivered our sentiments upon it, we shall not pursue the author through the thick labyrinth he has formed for himself round this otherwise plain and intelligible subject. It may suffice to say that in this part of his inquiry, as in the former, ignorance of the nature of the question precedes the misrepresentation of evident propositions, the misconception of evident meanings, and evidently inconclusive results.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville.* (*Continued from p.* 136.)

THE profound and ingenious antiquary whose dissertations are here presented us, found in the Memoirs of Joinville many references to the manners of the age deserving of elucidation, which led him by degrees into disquisitions far exceeding the space usually allotted to a commentary. He therefore confined himself in his notes to simple explanations of circumstances and language, and subjoined a considerable appendix, containing the result of his more profound and diligent inquiries in the form of separate dissertations. Their contents are of very different degrees of importance. Some will afford little instruction or amusement to an English reader, but the greater part will be found to embrace topics of general interest. We shall only notice a few of the latter in the order in which they occur.

Dissertation 1st. ascribes the origin of the coat of arms to the antient Gallic sagum or soldier's cloak, and derives the diversity of colours in heraldry from the various species of fur of which these cloaks were in the days of barbarous magnificence and luxury generally composed. These furs were the skins of *ermines*, *sables*, and martins. The two former were the most noble, and their original names are still

their appellations in blazonry. When two or more furs were sown together, the mixture was at first called *Vair* (or variegated) which is also a well-known heraldic term. In time they proceeded to the additional luxury of dying their furs, and the word 'Engoulè,' applied to furs when dyed red by the most ancient French poets, gave rise to the *gules* of our heralds. Purple was also a customary die. In an old book of accounts of the master of the robes to King Charles the fifth we find the following article: 'For the two surcoats two fur linings, *de grosses pourpres*'—Hence *purpure*. The origin of *vest* or *sinople* is not so easily ascertained. *Azure* is the same as the old herald's term, *gris*, and is a simple fur of itself. The most antient armorial bearings are composed of the simple furs, ermine, vair, gris, sable—but for the sake of distinction, they first resorted to dying, and then to quartering or sowing together different furs; and the different forms in which they were cut out and joined, gave rise to the different terms of indented, engrailed, &c. &c. which form so important a branch of the heraldic science. The ingenuity of this dissertation will probably please even where its proofs may not be deemed altogether satisfactory. Like most other etymological and antiquarian theories, it will generally be admitted with reserve; the principles on which it proceeds will be allowed to have their operation jointly with others, but be denied their pretended universality of application.

Dissertation 2, explains the antient royal custom in France called 'pleadings at the gate,' a venerable patriarchal practice, of which we have noticed an example in the life of Saint Louis, who appears either to have revived, or brought it into more frequent use. From the proceedings which attended it are satisfactorily derived many peculiarities of form in the offices of the masters of requests, whose courts, in later years, superseded these antient pleadings.

Dissertations 4 and 5, are devoted to the great feasts and general assemblies of the kings of France (in which they were imitated by our own sovereigns). The most antient were held on the first of March; (whence the Champ de Mars at Paris derived its name) but they were afterwards adjourned to the first of May; and, long after the original purposes of those popular meetings had ceased, the practice of assembling a large concourse together and displaying the royal magnificence and generosity continued. Frequently tournaments were proclaimed and the honour of knighthood conferred upon these occasions. Thus Eustache des Champs in his Chivalrous Poems,

Ce jour de Mai, cette grand' feste et belle,
Qui par le Roi se fait a Saint Denis.

The comte de Boulainvilliers ascribes the honour, not of inventing (for they were coeval with the monarchy) but of renewing and regulating these important assemblies, to Charlemagne. See Hist. des Parlemens, tom. 1.

Two dissertations follow on ancient tournaments, which have been in great measure superseded by the more mature labours of M de St. Palay.

Diss. 9. On Knights Banneret. It appears that the possession of certain lands and great fiefs alone entitled to this enviable distinction. The bas chevalier (or knigh bachelor) could only hold a pennon divided at the end into two tails or tongues. On being created a banneret, he was permitted to cut off these exuberances and clip the pennon into a square form. There was a distinction also between bannerets, who were said 'lever banniere,' to raise their banner, when they inherited the lands which gave a title to it; but only 'entr'en banniere,' when they were created by the king on account of lands in their possession which were accounted sufficient for the purpose of supporting the dignity.

Diss. 11. On War-cries, is of great importance to the readers of old chronicles and memoirs. The most ancient appear to have been only short ejaculations of prayer, "Adjuva Deus!" "Dieu aie!" (the Norman cry); that of the house of Montmorency, "Dieu aide au premier Chrêtien," from a tradition that the founder of the family was the first of Clovis's followers who received the rite of baptism. From a similar tradition respecting a Burgundian ancestor of their own, the house of Bauffremont cried "Bauffremont au premier Chrêtien:" After a time, they prayed in the hour of danger to the holy Virgin, and "Nôtre Dame, Bourgogne!" "Nôtre Dâme Bourbon," "Bèarn," "Auxerre," "Guesclin," "Sancerre," "Coucy," &c. &c. became the established cry of many noble families. At the battle of Bravines. Philip-Augustus cried, "Nôtre Dâme St. Denis Montjoye!" Clovis was the first who used, at the battle of Tolbiac, the cry which afterwards became general to the kings of France, "Montjoye, St. Denis!" Du Cange derives it, very doubtfully we think, from the hill of Montmartre where Denis suffered martyrdom. Etienne Pasquier says, with much greater appearance of probability, that it was simply a corruption of Ma joie St. Denis—(or, as an Irishman would have it, St. Dunis, my joy!) Patron saints were very generally invoked in imitation of this example. The dukes of Britanny had "St. Malo, au riche duc!" The

Bretons "St. Yves, Bretagne!" Sometimes the cries were, like the mottoes on their coats of arms, borrowed from some famous exploit in the family. Of this nature seem to be that of the counts of Champagne "Passavant la Thibault!" Of Montoison, "A la recousse, Montoison!" Sometimes from the arms themselves, as of the earls of Flanders, "Flandres, au Lion!" Sometimes to preserve the memory of old family possessions and honours merged in superior titles, as of the king of Navarre, "Begorre! Begorre!" to mark their descent from the old counts of Bigorre.

The bannerets only had a right to the war cry; and, besides the particular war cry of each chief, the whole army had a general war-cry, which was usually that of the commander in the field. This was shouted by the whole army at the instant of the charge; or, in besieging towns, of the general assault, and of mounting the scaling-ladders. The particular cry was used by each chief both when encouraging his soldiers, and when in personal danger to call them round to his assistance. The younger brothers of families were obliged to use the family-cry with an addition. Mr. Johnes has subjoined a curious note, which we subjoin for the purpose of enlivening our dry analysis,

'During the time this sheet was printing, I have heard from my friend the reverend W. Shepherd, (whose kindness in overlooking these sheets I am proud here to acknowledge) a strong and happy confirmation of the efficacy of the war-cry. A pupil of his, now a lieutenant in the 20th regiment, that has most gallantly distinguished itself on the fields of Calabria, writes word, that, previous to the battle of Maida, the French advanced to the charge like lions; but, when within five yards, one of the English soldiers shouted 'Huzza!' in which he was followed by the whole line. The French, instantly panicstruck, wheeled out, and, in a few minutes, were all bayoneted except one officer, to the amount of seven hundred.'

Diss. 17. On the origin of the word "Salique;" which, after noticing several fanciful derivations, Du Cange ascribes to its only probable source, the superior nobility of a particular tribe of Franks, the Salii, first settled in Gaul by the emperor Julian, who established military fiefs descendible to heirs male, in exclusion of females, for the preservation of military services.

Diss. 18. On the Oriflamme, the ancient banner of the abbey of St. Denis, who entrusted it to the care of the counts of Vexin, whose dominions fell to the crown in the time of Philip the first. From him to Charles the sixth, it was always born by the kings of France. After that time we hear nothing of it. The name was derived from the form, colour, and materials.

Diss. 21, 22. On the adoptions of sons and brothers: This curious institution of chivalry is illustrated by the example of Du Guesclin and Clisson, and the original *deed of fraternity* between them, which is given in this volume, p. 175. is a very curious and valuable piece of antiquity.

Diss. 24. On granting armorial bearings, the greatest mark of kingly favour. This paper is accompanied by various instances both in ancient and modern times. The grant was sometimes made to strangers, and even to infidels. Fredrick II. says Joinville, bestowed this privilege on Secedun the sultan of Egypt, "le plus vaillant et le plus preux de toute payennie."

Diss. 26. On Wissan, the Portus Iccius of the Romans. So late as Froissart this was a very important harbour: but the little hamlet to which the town is reduced, now stands at the distance of half a mile from the shore. The same natural revolution has been produced at Aigues Mortes and other places.

Diss. 27. On private wars and on the right of customary warfare. This is a most important subject to all those who wish for a thorough comprehension of the history of feudal times; but we shall content ourselves with pointing it out to the curious, and not attempt an analysis which must be extremely imperfect. The dangerous right which it describes was often attempted to be suppressed, and by none of the French princes more strenuously than by St. Louis, but all the endeavours made were ineffectual till the time of Louis the eleventh.

These dissertations of Du Cange are followed by lists of the knights who accompanied St. Louis and the terms on which they respectively agreed to follow his standard.

Several extracts are added from Arabic MSS. tending to illustrate the Egyptian expedition. By "The Road to Knowledge of the Reigns of Kings," the Mussulmen are made to have much the most *christian virtue* on their side. The following letters are there stated to have passed between the king of France and the sultan Nedjm Eddin while the fleet was at anchor before Damietta.

'The king of France, before he commenced any hostilities, sent by a herald a letter to the sultan Nejim-Eddin, conceived in the following words:

'You are not ignorant that I am the prince of those who follow the religion of JESUS CHRIST as you are of those who obey the laws of Mahommed. Your power inspires me with no fear. How should it? I who make the Mussulmen in Spain tremble! I lead them as a shepherd does a flock of sheep. I have made the bravest among them perish, and loaded their men and women with chains,

They endeavour by presents to appease me, and turn my arms to another quarter. The soldiers who march under my standards cover the plains, and my cavalry is not less redoubtable. You have but one method to avoid the tempest that threatens you. Receive priests, who will teach you the Christian religion: embrace it, and adore the Cross: otherwise I will pursue you every where, and God shall decide whether you or I be master of Egypt."

'Nedjm-Eddin, on reading this letter, could not restrain his tears. He caused the following answer to be written by the cadi Behaedin, his secretary.

"In the name of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, salvation to our proper Mahommed and his friends. I have received your letter: it is filled with menaces, and you make a boast of the great number of your soldiers. Are you ignorant that we know the use of arms, and that we inherit the valour of our ancestors? No one has ever attacked us without feeling our superiority. Recollect the conquests we have made from the Christians: we have driven them from the lands they possessed: their strongest towns have fallen under our blows. Recall to your mind that passage of the Alcoran which says, 'those who make war unjustly shall perish;' and also another passage, 'how often have the most numerous armies been destroyed by a handful of soldiers.' God protects the just; and we have no doubt of his protection, nor that he will confound your arrogant designs."

This is a most interesting extract. It describes the proceedings at Cairo and in the Saracen camp with as much simplicity, and, probably, with as much fidelity also, as Joinville details those at Damietta and in the Christian army. The two accounts strengthen one another very remarkably except in the point of numbers, where it is evident that the Arabian grossly exaggerates. The verses made by the poet Essahib-Giemal-Edden-Ben-Matroub, on the departure of St. Louis, would have taught an excellent lesson to that infatuated prince.

The two concluding dissertations are highly interesting, and the most important in the volume. They throw as much light as probably ever will be thrown on the history of the Old Man of the Mountain or chief of the Assassins, a personage of the highest consequence in the memoirs of the crusades, and whom we have been taught to regard with a kind of mysterious awe which his very name seems peculiarly calculated to inspire. We own that our estimation of him is sunk immediately to the common level of mankind by the information that the word absurdly translated by our Latin chroniclers 'senex,' and thence rendered 'vieux,' 'Old man,' is merely an eastern title, and pronounced by the Arabs 'scheick,' which signifies no more than prince or chief, and has not the slightest reference to the age of the person.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

M. de la Ravailliere, not content with removing the shadowy veil, which added so wonderfully to the apparent bulk and importance of this celebrated character, proceeds to call in question many, if not all, of the acts of secret violence commonly ascribed to him, particularly, the murder of Conrade, marquis of Montferrat, the attempt on the life of Philip Augustus, and that on Saint Louis. As to the former, we are sorry to say that if the scheick of the assassins was innocent, we shall be obliged to believe our own Coeur de Lion guilty of it. The action was very generally ascribed to him in the east, and the letter from the scheick, absolving him of it, though preserved by Rymer in his Fœdera, is a very palpable forgery.

M. Falconet has completed in a most elaborate and ingenious manner the imperfect sketch of La Ravailliere. The witnesses whom he brings forward to support his assertions and ground his theory respecting them are very numerous and of the most respectable antiquity. Among christian writers, he relies on the authorities of Benjamin of Tudela and William archbishop of Tyre, both of the 12th century; of Haiton prince of Armenia, who wrote historical memoirs which he published in France in the year 1305; of Paul the Venetian, whose two journies were accomplished in 1250 and 1270; of John Phocas, who travelled in 1185; of James de Vitry bishop of Acre in the beginning of the 13th century. The Assassins are mentioned by Elmacin, Abulpharagius, and Bayadur Khân, among the orientals, who all give them different names, but attribute to them a striking identity of character.

From all these authorities, Mons. F. very satisfactorily deduces this general account of the nation and religion of the Assassins. Giafar-al-Sedec, the sixth imam in descent from Ali, had several sons, of whom Ismael was the eldest. From him the Assassins derived their appellation of *Ismaelites*, under which they are mentioned by several writers to whom their more peculiar name seems to have been unknown. A branch of these Ismaelites seized Egypt, and reigned there for three centuries under the title of *Fatimites*. The Ismaelites of Asia established themselves later; but, reckoning from Giafar their founder, who died in 770, to 1170, the period about which William of Tyre wrote, we obtain a confirmation of his report 'that the nation had existed four centuries.' Their most remarkable doctrines were those of the metempsychosis, and of the descent of the holy spirit on the persons of the Imams. Their opinion of the divine authority of their scheicks is strikingly exemplified in the story of Abu Thaher,

p. 312. They dressed also according to a precept of religion which seems to have been borrowed from the Essenians and Nazarenes, from which they acquired another name which has been given them by many contemporary writers, the 'Vestus de Blanc.' The Carmathes were a tribe of the Ismaelites, among whom these doctrines were most prevalent. About the year 408 of Hej. Darari a chief of this tribe, converted the Fatimite caliph, and instituted the sect of 'Dararioun.' A hundred years after, Hassan-Sabeh collected some remains of the Carmathes and Dararioun, and settled with them in the Persian province of Kouhestan, where he established the dynasty of eastern Ismaelites. About the same period, other remnants of the same tribe and sect were collected by Hamzah, and fixed on the back of mount Lebanon. The Persian Ismaelites subsisted under a dynasty of eight princes from Hassan to Aladdin and Roknoddin, who were overthrown by the Tartar Holagore some time after 1250. The Western, or Syrian, Ismaelites were most famous in the 12th century, and were attacked by Saladin in 1176 in consequence of an attempt on his life made by some of them. They preserved their liberty notwithstanding his inroad, and their dynasty subsisted till they were rooted out (as Abulfeda relates it) by the lieutenant of the sultan of Egypt in 1280.

M. Falconet then proceeds to the derivation of the name assassin. He confutes the opinion which refers it to the tribe of *Assaceni*, mentioned by Arrian, and that also which would draw it from the *Essenes* whom they somewhat resembled in doctrine, and to another which ascribes it to *assikkin* (or the mountain of the poniard) an appellation given to mount Lebanon where the scheick resided. The true etymology, he says, is to be traced in the Arabic verb 'hassa,' to kill. It is, after all, very probable, that the people themselves were ignorant of the term which, from fear or reproach, was bestowed on them by the surrounding nations. In Egypt they were called *Bathenians* or illuminati, though more frequently Ismaelites both by themselves and others. And it is from this word, *Bathenians*, that Joinville probably managed to confound things by calling them *Bedouins*, a people to whom they in fact had no manner of affinity.

In their religion, independent of some peculiar tenets, they were strict Mahometans of the sect of Ali. But their hostility was directed equally against all denominations of Mussulmen who differed from them and the christians themselves.

M. Falconet disputes the opinion of La Ravaillière respecting the marquis of Montferrat's assassination, though he agrees with him that the letter of the scheick is a manifest

fabrication. He exculpates Richard and throws the blame on Humphrey lord of Thoron, who was much exasperated at his marriage with the heiress of Jerusalem having been annulled to make way for the pretensions of Conrade. He hired, it should seem, some ruffians of the nation of Assassins to revenge his quarrel and rid him of his rival.

The celebrated garden of the Assassins appears to have been a kind of earthly Paradise into which the scheick transported (when overcome with sleeping potions) the youths whom he destined to the perpetration of a murder, that they might have a foretaste of the immortal paradise promised by the prophet to his faithful followers.

We have now completed the examination we proposed to make of these interesting papers, in which we have confined ourselves to a general summary of the contents of those most worthy of attention, conceiving that, in so doing, we have performed our duty better than we could have done by hazarding crude conjectures of our own on subjects which have been thoroughly investigated by the most learned and accurate antiquarians in the pages before us.

ART. IV.—*An Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever as deducible from the Phenomena, Causes, and Consequences of the Disease, the Effects of Remedies, and the Appearances on Dissection. In two Parts. Part the First, containing the general Doctrine of Fever. By Henry Clutterbuck, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London.* 8vo. 9s. Boosey. 1807.

WE meet with so much disappointment in the perusal of medical works, so many trite remarks announced as important discoveries, so many old theories vamped up to attract a little ephemeral reputation to the name subjoined to the title page, that it affords us satisfaction to announce a work which is at least original, which is obviously the product of much thought and reflection, and which proceeds from a writer, whose information is extensive, and whose powers of reasoning are of no mean order. The disease of which he treats is one which has exercised the sagacity, and employed the pens of medical writers ever since medicine has become a distinct branch of philosophical inquiry. Fevers in some form or other, being diseases of more frequent occurrence than all others put together, have consequently become an object of attention in all ages. They have become therefore a theme of disputation in the medical schools from the era of

Hippocrates to the present time. But so great a disagreement has been found among them that the term itself has been used by different writers in different degrees of latitude, and its definition has been varied according to the notions of those who have employed it. If then we meet with such contrariety of sentiment *in limine*, we cannot be surprized to find still greater diversity in the progress of the inquiry, and that the accounts which have been given of its nature, seat and causes have been suited either to the peculiar hypotheses of the writer, or have fluctuated with the ever changing theories of the day. Whether the doctrines here attempted to be introduced by Dr. Clutterbuck be built upon a more solid foundation than those of his predecessors, or whether he must not be adjudged to have been more successful in overturning former theories than in establishing a new, we intend in this article briefly to inquire.

The position of Dr. Clutterbuck with regard to the seat of fever is two-fold: 1st, that fever is not (as has been held) an universal disease, but strictly at opical disease of the sensorium; 2d, that this affection consists in an inflammation of the brain, so that the *phrenitis* of medical authors and pure fever are in truth varieties of the same disease.

With regard to the first position, we believe there will not be a great diversity of opinion among medical philosophers of the present day, and that it will, in a certain sense at least, be pretty generally conceded to him. The method of proof he has adopted is such as cannot well be objected to. For a legitimate and unbiassed description of the essential symptoms of the disease he has copied *verbatim* the full and accurate detail of them, given in Dr. Fordyce's Elements of the Practice of Physic. Analysing this description, he shews that it includes the primary and essential symptoms of fever in general, and not merely those of any particular species; a position which he confirms by appealing to the descriptions of celebrated writers, of particular examples occurring in different situations, seasons and latitudes. Such are the descriptions of Huxham, Lind, De Mertens and others. Descending to a still more minute examination of these symptoms, he proceeds to shew that all the essential symptoms of fever are derangements of the animal functions, which are in immediate dependance on the brain; namely, the external senses, the voluntary and intellectual powers; whilst the *vital* functions, that is to say the respiration and circulation of the blood, are not necessarily affected. The condition of the *natural* functions causes our author some embarrassment; for it is obvious that, in all fevers the digestion, assimilation, and nutrition nearly cease altogether; and that a great

irregularity is commonly observed in the secretions and excretions. That the functions of the stomach appear, almost invariably, to be deranged at the very first attack of fever, and to continue so throughout its whole course, cannot indeed, for a moment be denied. These symptoms are indeed so common and striking, that many have considered this organ to be the chief and primary seat of fever. This, however, says Dr. Clutterbuck, appears improbable for the following reasons:

'Granting that the functions of the stomach are commonly disturbed in fever, the same is more especially true of the functions of the brain, which, as shewn above, never fail to be perverted in this disease. The disordered state of the brain, therefore, may as well be supposed the primary cause of the disturbance observed in the functions of the stomach in fever, as the reverse; and this, I have no doubt, is actually the case.

'The influence of the brain on the stomach is discoverable in a thousand instances. In most diseases of the brain that are accompanied with a febrile state of the system, the appetite for food is greatly impaired, and the power of digestion in a great measure suspended: the attempt, too often made, to give strength in such cases by nutritious aliment, is as absurd and preposterous, as it is certainly unavailing. On the other hand, in morbid affections of the brain of a chronic kind, and which are unattended by fever, as in many instances of palsy and hydropic effusion within the skull, the appetite often becomes voracious, in proportion as the intellectual powers are obliterated. In both cases, the affection of the stomach is equally preternatural, and dependent on the morbid condition of the brain.

'Again, in injuries of the head from external violence, vomiting, as is well known, is amongst the most certain signs of the brain itself being injured. A disordered state of the stomach, therefore, is no certain proof of its being the primary seat of disease in any case, and still less in fever, in which so many other functions are disturbed.'

But is not this reasoning founded entirely on a partial view of the subject? May not an objector retort that alcohol, opium, or other narcotic substances, derange the whole sensorium by simple application to the internal coat of the stomach? Is it not a confusion of all ideas, and an abuse of all language in such a case to call that the primary affection, which is obviously secondary, both with regard to time and place; and if it be in our power, as our author contends in the course of this inquiry, to cut short a fever by a powerful application to the stomach and bowels, must not this be effected either by an expulsion of morbific matter, or at least primarily by a great impression of the internal membrance of

the stomach and intestines? In truth, it seems hardly possible to determine, by any reasoning *à priori*, which is to be deemed cause and which effect in the order of such phænomena; nor do we perceive any great practical utility, to which such knowledge would conduce.

If then we can give but a partial and modified assent to that, which is the ground work of Dr. Clutterbuck's doctrine, much greater are the difficulties which we must encounter by agreeing to his second position; namely, that this disorder of the brain is either a state of actual inflammation, or at least, a condition nearly allied to it, as it contains the most essential characters of this affection.

This position is attempted to be maintained by showing the analogy which exists between the symptoms of each of these affections, between the exciting causes, and between the methods of cure. We think that these analogies will not appear so strong in the eyes of an unbiassed reasoner, as they do in those of Dr. Clutterbuck, and that he will be apt to think that the doctor, in his search after resemblances, has overlooked many differences which to another would appear equally striking. We must content ourselves with noticing particularly what he says with regard to *phrenitis*, as it may be considered to be a fair specimen of the reasoning which pervades the whole work.

The definition of *phrenitis*, he observes, is contained in a few words—"Pyrexea vehemens; dolor capitis; rubor faciei et oculorum; lucis et soni intolerantia; delirium, furor." From this definition, he observes, that it would be thought an easy matter to distinguish it, in practice, from fever or any other complaint. But the history of diseases shews, that inflammation of the brain may be present, where these symptoms are wanting; and, in consequence, that they cannot be the essential characteristics of this disease. Examples of this occurrence are quoted from Willis, Fontanus, Cullen, Van Swieten, &c. Further, fever and *phrenitis* have not, it is asserted, been accurately distinguished from each other, even by the best writers; and the similarity of the symptoms is on many occasions so great, that it is scarcely possible to discriminate between them; the signs of danger and approaching dissolution are absolutely the same; it is allowed on all hands, that *phrenitis* frequently occurs in fever, and that it associates itself with all fevers; the occasional causes are in many instances the same; and the mode of cure found most successful in *phrenitis* is applicable in a considerable degree to fever also, due allowance being made for the habit of the patient and the stage of the disease.

'It appears, then, that fever and phrenitis have their most essential symptoms in common, all of which are referable to the brain and its functions; they are produced by similar causes; and the prognosis is the same in both. The feelings referred by the patient to the head in fever, are just the same with those of other inflamed parts; viz. pain, heat, and throbbing, whilst the functions of the brain are in every case more or less deranged: and, lastly, the general state of the system is the same as in other internal inflammations, due allowance being made for the influence which the brain exerts over various parts of the body, and which tends not a little to modify the general affection.'

Notwithstanding all these apparent difficulties we must continue persuaded, that no two diseases can be more distinct than fever and *phrenitis*, in their symptoms, progress, causes, methods of cure, and modes of termination. But as every disease consists of a variety of phænomena, which in individual instances vary in degree, examples may certainly be found in which thediscrimination may not be very easy. But here the difficulty is not so much in the thing as in the mode of expression. Language is so scanty as to oblige us to comprehend a vast number of phænomena under a single word. The word delirium, for example, comprehends many degrees and varieties of mental alienation, which can readily be distinguished by observation, though it is hardly possible to do so by words. Take as another example the case of cancer. If we attend only to words, it is impossible to frame such a definition as will wholly exclude all other ulcerations. But let the experienced surgeon see the thing, and he will not be mistaken in his determination once, perhaps, in a hundred times. So we think it is in the case before us. To frame such a definition of *phrenitis*, as may never be applicable in any of its parts to other fevers, may perhaps from the imperfect nature of language, and particularly from the ambiguity of abstract terms, be quite impossible. But to distinguish the things requires little skill indeed, and we are confident that Dr. Clutterbuck himself can seldom or never have fallen into such errors in practice.

The phænomena of intermittent fevers seem wholly to overthrow the system of our ingenious author. Inflammations preserve a uniform course, for some time, oftentimes in spite of the most powerful means used to subdue them. But in intermittents all the symptoms, from which Dr. Clutterbuck infers an inflamed state of the brain, wholly subside, and recur at stated intervals, and this repeatedly. In intermittents then there can be no inflammation of the brain; and the symptoms being essentially the same in the intermittent and in continued fevers, the same must hold good of these likewise.

'It must require, we apprehend, no small force of imagination to perceive an analogy between the method of cure, which is found useful in *phrenitis* and that which is proper in *typhus*. It would seem that Dr. Clutterbuck thinks bleeding adviseable in the latter disease; but he has reserved his account of the practical treatment, which he has been induced to adopt, to the second part of his work. But though perhaps modern practitioners may have an unreasonable dread of the use of the lancet, in the treatment of fevers, we cannot believe, with our author, that the objections, which have been made to it, have their foundation in theory, rather than in observation. Formerly it seems to have been customary to premise the loss of blood, as a matter of course; and the authorities which Dr. Clutterbuck has adduced in behalf of its utility, most of them prove little more than the prevalence of this custom; or, it may be, that the old practitioners did not always distinguish fevers from inflammations. If then this practice has fallen into disuse, it can only be accounted for by the great difference which has been observed in its effects on these different affections. As experience shows its utility in true inflammatory disorders, the same experience has gradually likewise convinced medical practitioners, that in pure fever, to say the least, it is often useless; and that very frequently it makes the disease more obstinate, exhausts the strength and retards convalescence; whilst, according to the strong, and, we believe, the true assertion of Dr. Fordyce, it has not the smallest effect on the proper symptoms of fever, neither increasing nor diminishing it, nor in any respect altering its course.

In his account of the effects of the cold affusion, we think that the author has furnished another irrefragable argument against his own theory. As this account is very instructive, we shall give it in his own words:

'I have seen the cold affusion in typhus, and even sponging the surface of the body with vinegar and water, excite, in different instances, pulmonic inflammation and rheumatism: but I have not observed that the situation of the patient was rendered materially worse by the combination. It is even probable, that such a combination may, by counter-irritation, tend in some cases to relieve the primary affection. "One circumstance not a little remarkable was," says Dr. Sims, "that some of those who were exposed to cold (in fever) were seized by an immediate cough from it: this I always found a certain sign of a speedy recovery. The same thing I often noticed towards the end of other fevers, when I did not with certainty know the cause, and cannot recollect a single instance of the disorder afterwards terminating fatally."

'I have not in any case observed the secondary disease thus indu-

ced, occasion an entire cessation of the fever. The two affections have gone on together, evidently modifying each other. Thus there have been the usual pulmonic symptoms of cough, pain and difficult respiration, with the symptoms peculiar to idiopathic fever, as headach, prostration of strength, and a brown furred tongue. When rheumatism supervened on fever, the disturbance in the functions of the brain peculiar to the latter, continued ; but the general vascular system was at the same time excited into a degree of action unlike what is ordinarily observed in low fever, and approaching to that which accompanies acute rheumatism.

'These combinations of disease I had an opportunity of witnessing in the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow in the winter of 1803, where they occurred so frequently as to have brought the practice of cold affusion into some degree of disrepute. It is not improbable indeed, from analogy, that other combinations of disease, more formidable than those now mentioned, as inflammation of the abdominal viscera, may be occasionally produced by this practice.'

We see then the cold affusion immediately producing inflammations in various parts of the system ; and are therefore warranted in concluding, that it may have the same effect on the brain itself. Still more would it aggravate such a condition, if it already existed. But as it is found to have no such effect; as it seems more to counteract than increase the morbid state of the sensorium in pure fever (whatever it be) it is an obvious consequence, that this state cannot be the state of common inflammation.

One concession or supposition, which the author seems inclined to make, throws a strong suspicion in our minds, that he is himself aware, that little practical good is likely to result from the view he has taken of this difficult and intricate subject. For, he asks, is not, after all, the inflammation which takes place in the brain in fever often *specific*, or of a peculiar nature, differing in its laws, both with regard to the progress and the cure, from ordinary inflammation? This he seems to think far from improbable, as the fevers, which are produced by the morbid poisons, are each of them characterized by peculiar symptoms, although there are in all of them unequivocal marks of the disease being seated primarily in the brain. It is allowed then that a specific treatment is necessary in each form of fever, which can only be learned from experience. To consider them therefore as mere modifications of common inflammation cannot throw any light on the methods necessary to bring them to a happy termination.

We think that Dr. Clutterbuck might have condensed his materials very considerably without any disadvantage to his work. We have perused it with much satisfaction, and are

obliged to him for having brought together a body of solid information and useful facts. If we cannot agree with him in the inferences he has drawn from them, and in the manner he has adopted of explaining very complicated phænomena, we have been influenced only by the love of truth and science. We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the second part of this work, to which we shall not fail to pay due attention.

ART. V.—*The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, Canto XVIII—XXXIV. with a Translation in English blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A.M. With an engraved Portrait from a Painting by S. Tofanelli.* 8vo. 8s. Carpenter. 1806.

OUR ample review of the former part of Mr. Cary's arduous labour,* precludes the necessity of a lengthened disquisition on the merits of the volume now before us. They form together a *par nobile fratrum* bearing the strongest resemblance to each other, and equally stamped with the authentic features of their venerable original. The farther we have advanced in the perusal the more we have been struck with indications of a literary courage and perseverance, which no difficulties or horrors could overcome, and with a rare union of diligence and judgment under the direction of genius. Yet notwithstanding this just commendation we are of opinion that still more of the 'labor limæ' might be applied with advantage upon several parts, which retain a roughness more than enough to represent the characteristic austerity of the Tuscan. Thus in the celebrated description of Ugolin's death, though upon the whole it is successfully rendered with truth, simplicity, pathos and strength, yet we meet with some dissonant verses, as in particular this, if verse it can be called.

> 'For one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth.'
>
> *Canto* xxxiii. p. 289.

We are advocates for a more literal rendering of the text than the loose and luxurious taste of the present age approves; we do not object to the timely intermixture of discords and redundant syllables; much less do we require that the general finish of the style should extend to every necessary expletive or quotidian phrase; we must however advise

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* See our Review for October, 1805. Vol. vi. p. 113.

this author to be cautious, lest his devotion to high authorities should betray him into an unsparing exercise of liberties in the language, construction, and versification, which only in a certain degree are sanctioned by the name of poetic-licence; for that, which, when seldom repeated, is deemed a happy freedom, by intemperate use degenerates into a symptom of feebleness, affectation, or negligence; we mention this rather to check a tendency, than to correct a fault.

We proceed now to discharge the more pleasing office of selection, regretting that we cannot indulge ourselves in exhibiting still more numerous specimens of the skill displayed in this translation.

There is much life and spirit in the simile of the arsenal, and the subsequent description of a fiend.

'Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.
In the Venetian's arsenal as toils
Through wint'ry months tenacious pitch, to smear
Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time
Sea faring men restrains, and in that while
His bark one builds anew, another stops
The ribs of his, that hath made many a voyage;
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop;
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls;
The mizen one repairs and main sail rent.
So not by force of fire but art divine,
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Lim'd all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein nought distinguish'd, save the surge,
Rais'd by the boiling, in one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there
I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide
Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place
Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself as one
Impatient to behold that which beheld
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,
That he his flight delays not for the view.
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,
That running up advanc'd along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake!
In act how bitter did he seem with wings
Buoyant, outstretch'd, and feet of nimblest tread!
His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp
Was with a sinner charg'd; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.'

Canto x. p. 61.

In the following passage the terrible sublime is relieved by the beautiful comparison of the phœnix.

'The chasm
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands
Let Libya vaunt no more; if Jaculus,
Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,
Cenchris and Amphistæna, plagues so dire
Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she shew'd
Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er
Above the Erythræan sea is spawn'd.
Amid this dread exuberance of woe
Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear,
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or* heliotrope to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them bound,
Which through their reins infix'd the tail and head,
Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where, the neck is on the shoulders tied,
Transpierc'd him. Far more quickly than e'er pen
Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn'd, and chang'd
To ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth.
When there dissolv'd he lay, the dust again
Uproll'd spontaneous and the self same form
Instant resum'd. So mighty sages tell
The Arabian phœnix when five hundred years
Have well nigh circl'd, dies, and springs forthwith
Renascent. Blade nor herb throughout his life
He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone
And odorous armomum: swaths of nard
And myrrh his funeral shroud. *Canto* xxiv. p. 125.

We cannot forbear inserting at full length the conclusion assigned by Dante to the life and labours of Ulysses, as worthy of the man.

ὃς μάλα πολλὰ

Πλάγχθη . . . . . .
Πολλὰ δὴν ἐνπόντω πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν,
Ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων.

Virgil addresses Diomede and Ulysses, who are 'swathed confining fire,' the latter of whom assumes his accustomed part of spokesman.

'O ye, who dwelt two spirits in one fire;
If living I of you did merit aught,

* A stone of such extraordinary virtue, that the bearer of it is effectually concealed from the sight of all present. *Boccaris Decam. G. viii. N. 3.* See also *Solinus, C. xl.*

Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what clime death o'ertook himself destroy'd."
Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labours with the wind, then, to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice and spake: when I escap'd
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Gaieta, by her charms,
Ere thus Eneas yet had nam'd the shores.
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Marocco either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.
"O Brothers!" I began, "who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses, have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high."
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star on the other pole night now beheld
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a *mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,

* The mountain of purgatory.

But soon to mourning chang'd. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow clos'd.

Canto xxvi. p. 161.

The last canto contains a picture of Lucifer, which yields to no effort of art, in the delineation of the horrible.

" Lo!" he exclaim'd, " lo Dis! and lo the place,
Where thou hadst need to arm thy heart with strength!
How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not,
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state,
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and lifted up his brow
Against his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh, what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces; one in front
Of hue vermilion, th' other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd, and at the crest
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat, and these
He flapp'd i 'th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd
Bruis'd as with pondrous engine, so that three
Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd
By the fierce rending, whence oft times the back
Was stript of all its skin. " That upper spirit
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,
" Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,

Whose heads are under. he from the black jaw
That hangs, is Brutus; lo, how he doth writhe
And speaks not! The other, Cassius, that appears
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends,
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

Canto xxxiv. *p.* 305.

Dante's opinion with regard to the centre of gravity deserves notice.

Tu passasti il punto
Al qual si traggon d'ogni parte i pesi.

Ib. p. 312.

Thou didst overpass
That point, to which from every part is dragg'd
All heavy substance.

Perhaps it will not be the least recommendation of these volumes, that they contain a cheap and correct edition of the original text, and as far as we know the first that has been printed in this country: Italian masters and their pupils will find them of singular use in facilitating the acquisition of either language.

While we advise the strenuous but deliberate prosecution of this work, we think ourselves authorized to offer Mr. Cary that encouraging motive, which stimulated the spirit of his great master, and of the influence of which, the progress he himself has already made in his difficult undertaking, bespeaks him fully sensible.

" Omai convien, che tu così ti spoltre:"
Disse 'l maestro: " che seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre:
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,
Qual fumo in aere, od in acqua la schiuma:
E però' leva su, vinci l' ambascia
Con l' animo, che vince ogni battaglia,
Se col suo grave corpo non s' accascia."

" Now needs thy best of man;" so spake my guide
" For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days

We take this opportunity of correcting some typographical errors, in our review of the former volume. Read, p. 117, notturno for notterno; p. 118. epic stole for epic style; p. 120, verisimilitude for very similitude; p. 122, tre gole for tra gole; p. 122, quando for quand;' p. 124, Togeva for toglieve: altra via for altravia: & after 'felicity in uniting the languages,' insert a comma.

Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
A smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.
Thou therefore rise: vanquish thy weariness
By the mind's effort, in each struggle form'd
To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.'

Canto xxiv. p. 121.

ART. VI.—*Feudal Tyrants, or the Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans, a Romance, taken from the German. In four Volumes. By M. G. Lewis, Author of the Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c.* Hughes. 1806.

THE author of the Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c.! It is not altogether easy to conjecture what motive should have induced Mr. Lewis to designate himself in this manner. Is he afraid to be remembered, or is he certain of not being forgotten as the parent of the lascivious Monk? The chaster tone of his more recent compositions would induce us to prefer the former supposition were we not sure that his vanity is greatly too active a principle to suffer him to abandon his first and most popular effort. The booksellers are aware of the disadvantage of concealing the identity of the author of the Monk, and the editor of the present work, and we see advertised this fresh-wrought tissue of blood and murder as a new novel by Monk Lewis! Mr. Lewis may just as well himself put his real designation to his name. We can venture to assure him that when the appellation of Monk Lewis is forgotten, the person to whom it belonged will not be long remembered. The Monk is in some respects considerably the best of the works of this author. It has more merit and less morality than any of his other productions, though it has faults enough even in a literary point of view. Mr. Lewis seems to have improved himself in his knowledge of shew and stage trick, but we cannot congratulate him or his admirers upon any other species of improvement. Sober reason is disgusted at the endless display of ghosts, murders, conflagrations, and crimes. They are the instruments with which children may be governed or frightened, and by which grown people are liable to be affected exactly in proportion as they resemble children. A poet has said that men are but children of a larger growth, an assertion which Mr. Lewis has adopted as an axiom. But as the learned, the able, the ingenious, and the distinguished among the human race for mental accomplishments are less like children than the ignorant, the foolish, and the pert, so that gentleman must expect the applause bestowed upon

his terrific tales of devils and bad men to arise more from the latter than the former description of persons. But the praise of the mob is not without its attractions, and if the qualities which obtain it do not always shine in the eyes of posterity with the most distinguished lustre, they afford some compensation in the extraordinary though temporary baze with which they dazzle the sight of the present beholders.

As we are not in possession of the German original of this romance, we are unable to inform our readers of the amendments or alterations effected by Mr. Lewis. We well know what we are to expect in a German work of imagination: ghosts, bones, chains, dungeons, castles, forests, murders, and rapine pass before us in long order, till sated with horrors and habituated to their view we regard them with as much composure as an undertaker contemplates the last melancholy rites of his mortal brethren. But it were cruel to raise too high the expectations of our fair readers. Of blood, vengeance, and misfortunes Mr. Lewis has indeed woven a formidable web, but not a ghost flits along the corner of a ruined hall or draws the curtain at the dead of night to delight the old or to terrify the timid fair. We cannot account for this moderation: we even humbly venture to doubt of the prudence of the proceeding. To take ghosts and devils from Mr. Lewis's tales is to endanger their very existence. By such a subtraction we expose ourselves to the risk of bearing what the mathematicians call a negative quantity, something less than nothing, which may only remind us of the former existence of a substance to support the baseless fabric.

These four volumes are of a more miscellaneous nature than Mr. Lewis's former productions. We have a series of tales connected by nothing very obvious, introduced in a very improbable and unnatural manner, and agreeing only in repetitions of stories of the tyranny of German or Helvetian barons during times of feudal violence. Mr. Lewis's imagination has certainly been in a languishing way when it has been unable to invent a story more interesting and terrible than any of these. We confess our patience to have been frequently on the point of exhaustion during the perusal of these doleful ditties, and we are greatly at a loss to assign any plausible reason for the author ransacking the repositories of German literature to produce nothing better than this. It is the labour of the mountain, and *Monk Lewis* has produced his mouse neither larger nor finer than has issued from the pen of many a teeming maiden in the sanctuaries of the Minerva press.

There are eight parts into which this work is divided. In the first of these we have the correspondence of a certain

proud widow of quality, named Elizabeth of Sonnerburg, with some old abbot, which is carried on on both sides with a great deal of German sentiment and no small portion of worldly flattery. In fact, the first effect of any of these letters, if really sent to a human being in possession of his senses, would be to excite a most violent fit of laughter. There is an air so unnatural in every line and a stately march upon stilts that to sober-minded persons is inexpressibly ridiculous. These two great characters however speedily quarrel in consequence of a few gentle remonstrances on the part of the priest, and the lady consoles her lonesome hours by visiting an abbess from whom she purloins some manuscripts. These, like all old papers in novels, turn out delightfully interesting, and elucidate the very doubts and difficulties which at that moment distract the heroine of the piece. Elizabeth accordingly sets to with heart and hand to write long-winded letters to her brother Oswald, who is supposed to be so good-natured as to read them all, and fortunately is found to be so learned as to be able to answer them, since in those days it appears that writing was far from being an universal accomplishment even of the great ones of the earth.

In part the second Elizabeth lays before her 'kind Oswald,' the melancholy history of a personage called Urania Venesta, who was the daughter of a rich baron. This nobleman had a neighbour, it appears, not quite so prosperous as himself, but withal very full of sour looks and grand airs, and all sorts of German and baronial folly. The Count of Carlsheim, for such was his name, concealed under all this rough exterior great cunning and ambition. He shut up in an old castle a wife, whom he had married in Italy, reporting her to be dead, and left her son to inherit his mother's fortunes: he then captivated the affections of the aforesaid Urania, married her, prevailed on her father to give up his lands to him; and after having got all in his power, treated every body very ill, and finally obliged his wife to retire into a convent for the remainder of her life, where she continued to chant matins and patronize distressed damsels.

The son of the Count of Carlsheim by his Italian lady at last hears of his mother's misfortunes and invades his father's dominions, overpowering his forces and seizing his territories. The young count, whose name is Donat, is a chip of the old block, and a very bloody history of his exploits is given in the third part under the title of Memoirs of Adelaide of the Beacon Tower, which story is contained in a letter written by some abbess to Thanis, the heroine of the former tale. We should only waste paper and patience to attempt to offer any abridgment of these wonderful adventures. Our readers

may easily gratify their curiosity by aid of those useful literati the keepers of circulating libaries. The two next parts of the work are occupied with detailing the history of count Donat's daughter, who undergoes a world of hair breadth accidents, and are witnesses of many a bloody scene, which perhaps might afford some interest to the reader were he not encumbered and perplexed by long, crabbed and harsh sounding names, which he has not had time to render familiar to his mind or his eye till the piece is concluded and the curtain dropped, and another tale with a fresh batch of hard words is presented to his inspection.

In the sixth and seventh parts we find the history of the sisters without a name. This romantic appellation is used to describe two damsels who passed the earlier years of their existence in Switzerland, ignorant of their real family, and believing themselves to be descendants of the hero of Helvetian liberty, William Tell. In the sequestered vallies of that country they meet a young man who becomes enamoured of one of them. This youth is also a nobleman in disguise, and the match is opposed by the elders on both sides, from similar and alike ill-founded ideas of inequality of rank. The young lover goes to the wars, and is reported to be killed: he on his part believes his mistress to be dead. The damsels return to their uncle's the count of Torrenburg, and become acquainted with Elizabeth. She is about to be espoused after due difficulties by Henry of Montford. At the marriage the damsels without a name are bride-maids, and all goes on well till the unfortunate lifting of a veil, which discovers that the niece of count Torrenburg and the nymph of Helvetia are the same person, and that Henry of Montford is the object of her former affection. Upon this awful denouement some scream, others roar, a few faint, and a general splutter ensues, the marriage is broke off, and a great deal of delicate distress arises from the ignorance of the nameless damsels in the art and mystery of writing. Elizabeth consoles herself for the vigorous Henry in the arms of the aged count Torrenburg. His nieces are inveigled out of the castle and delivered to robbers, from whom they escape immaculate in person, but are nevertheless universally detested as no better than they should be, and banished from their uncle's house and protection, and worst of all from his will. At length the old gentleman dies: Elizabeth, after remaining long obdurate, is convinced of the innocence of her former friends. She restores to them their patrimonial estates, and they are consoled for all their distresses and rewarded for all their virtues in the most approved way, by being provided with husbands. On the numerous improbabilities and extravagances which are contained in almost every part of all

these stories we need make no comment. It has long been the privilege of the German novelists and of Mr. Lewis to be as extravagant as they pleased, and to physic us with murders and wonders in as great doses as they chuse to prescribe. It is therefore in vain any longer to protest against the departure from the chaste habits of former times, or to recommend a recurrence to rules which experience has proved to procure few readers and no admirers. Yet happily for the world this taste does not now exist in all its pristine vigour, and another age may view its final decline.

If we examine the general merits of this production with a critical eye, we shall find that they cannot be classed very high. It was formerly the aim of novelists to catch the manners living as they rise, and to present us with a portraiture of human nature where we do not readily discern the resemblance to the original. The excellence of such performances was estimated by the degree of likeness, and the merit of the successful artist was justly regarded as high. But Mr. Lewis's efforts are not of this description. His overcharged and horrific pictures have no resemblance to the life, and for whatever we praise them, it cannot be for a correct imitation of nature.

Other authors have contented themselves with qualifications of less difficult attainment, though still of unquestionable merit. Pursuing in prose the tract of the ancient satirists, their aim has been to shoot folly as it flies, and to hold up vice and absurdity to ridicule when they could, but at all events to excite the merriment of their readers. Such writers have seldom been very happy or exceedingly careful in the delineation of character; but they have great merit in their way, and afford us the means of a most agreeable and innocent relaxation. With this class Mr. Lewis cannot be arranged: his stern gravity, engaged in the contemplation of murderous deeds, seldom condescends to relax itself into a smile.

Some novelists who have found their abilities inadequate to cope with either of these classes, who have neither possessed the rare art to delineate characters with exquisite justness, or to ridicule the weaknesses of men with happy humour, have had recourse to other means of attracting our attention; abandoning the pursuits of art, they have cultivated the simplicity of nature. They have considered the effect of the whole rather than that of part. By exciting our interest, our compassion, our sorrow, or our indignation by the recital of unmerited misfortunes, of cruel oppression, of tales of love and of friendship, they have justly merited our applause. Perhaps no department of novel writing is more pleasing than this, and hardly any has been cultivated with more suc-

cess of late years. These simple pictures of unadorned events, when decorated with the charms of pathetic eloquence, possess irresistible attraction, and are preferred by many to all the correct painting of men and the most biting ridicule in the world. But Mr. Lewis has no claim to a place in this class. Simplicity is a term of which he knows not the value, and hardly understands the meaning. The crowing of a cock is not more dangerous to a ghost than is a ruined hall, a midnight journey through vaulted passages, or a spectre in chains to that amiable quality.

The German school of blood and murder has, we presume, arisen from the following circumstances. Many excellent writers in various languages had painted the most remarkable characters which appear on the stage of human life with a degree of force and brightness which might terrify ordinary imitators. These latter were aware that the public would turn with disgust from more feeble efforts, and judge of their merits by a scale with which they feared to be measured. Exquisite ridicule is no less difficult of acquirement, and the success of a few had no less engendered a fastidious taste fatal to subordinate attempts. Simplicity, on the other hand, is perhaps more hard of attainment than either of the others, and there attends the attempts to reach it this inconvenience, that when unsuccessful they become utterly vapid and ludicrous. The author having divested himself of every cover, is exposed naked to the pelting of the storm. Instead of all these plans so beset with obstructions, it was natural enough to propose one, the source of which could never fail. When a writer began to get dull, he had only to set a house on fire, and scorch a few damsels out of bed and into the arms of knights heaven-sent to relieve them: a death's head is an infallible antidote to the sleep of a reader; and when these expedients threaten to grow stale, we have store left of daggers, bowls, murders and ghosts sufficient to terrify the weak imaginations of many of the students of novels. But the strongest stimuli at last lose their effect, and the stomach loaths the repeated dose. Mr. Lewis's general plan has our decided disapprobation. For his particular execution of it in the instances before us we have only to observe, that without being more rational than most performances of a similar description, it is considerably more tiresome than many of them, and displays a most melancholy inferiority to his former compositions.

ART. VII.—*The Life of General Washington By John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, &c. &c. &c. Vol. 4. 1805, —Vol. 5. 1807.* Phillips.

AT length the two remaining tomes of this vast compilation are before the public, comprizing together upwards of 1500 pages! Of the three first volumes we gave our readers an account in a former number*, which may possibly enable them to form some estimate of the chief justice's talents for historical composition. Copious as the remainder of his performance is, it furnishes but few additional materials for criticism.

The fourth volume we shall dismiss very briefly; the greatest part of it is devoted to the remaining history of the contest with America, and presents little else than a narrative of military operations, on so small a scale as to be scarcely more than a series of skirmishes, which though of immeasurable importance in their consequences, are in themselves too minute to excite attention or to interest curiositiy Never perhaps was a question of such magnitude decided by a course of such insignificant and petty warfare;—besides the annals of the world abounds so much in scenes of 'broil and battle,' and, to all except those who are critically and professionally informed in the art of destruction, one engagement so much resembles another, that the imagination is soon tired and the attention palled by the eternal repetition of van and rear, of marchings and countermarchings, of bold advances and masterly retreats. To this it must be added that, compared with the terrific dimensions, the sanguinary character, and the tremendous consequences which of late years have distinguished the armaments of Europe, all former armaments lose their interest and shrink into insignificance. The fourth volume is on these and on other accounts which may fairly be imputed to the style of the composition, so languid, so tedious, and obscure, that we who have been so much fatigued by the perusal, will not by making numerous extracts lay the same tax on the patience of our readers.

Unable as we are to appreciate the merits of Washington as a soldier and a general, we must be content to measure his greatness by his success;—a criterion which will scarcely be considered as unjust when the scantiness of his means is compared with the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the glorious ends which he accomplished. From the beginning of the conflict to the termination we behold him at the head of an army constantly on the point of dissolution; and with a crude and discordant soldiery baffling the discipline, the courage and the strength of the most powerful nation in the world. The

* Crit. v. vol. X.

peace of 1783, and the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, at length relieved the father of America from the laborious and anxious post of commander in chief, and restored him to that retirement which was so singularly congenial to his disposition. Even those in whose recollection every prominent event in his biography may yet be fresh, may not be displeased with the following account of the simple and affecting ceremony of his farewell to his brethren in peril and in glory.

'At length on the 25th November the British troops evacuated New York and a detachment from the American army took possesion of the town. The guards being posted for the security of the citizens, general Washington, accompanied by governor Clinton, and attended by many civil and military officers, and a large number of respectable inhabitants on horseback, made his public entry into the city, where he was received with every mark of respect and attention. His military course was now on the point of terminating; and previous to divesting himelf of the supreme command, he was about to bid adieu to his comrades in arms.

'This affecting interview took place the 4th of December. At noon the principal officers of the army assembled at France's tavern, soon after which their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you: I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' Having drank, he added 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility, and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence, and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles-hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge he turned to the company and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.

'They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled.' Vol. iv. p. 676, &c.

In retirement Washington devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and to projects for the improvement of his emancipated country; and to his zealous recommendation may be ascribed, the opening of the inland navigation of the great rivers of Virginia, from the accomplishment of which, Ame-

rica must, at no very distant period, derive incalculable advantage. The importance and value of this great improvement were attested by an order of the legislature, to subscribe for the benefit of General Washington the same number of shares, in each company, as were to be taken for the state. The disinterestedness of W. however did not allow him to take advantage of the generosity of his country; and he consented to hold these shares only as trustee for some public institution. These funds he afterwards appropriated to the establishment of two seminaries of learning, in the vicinity of the James and Potomac rivers. Chap. i. Vol v

The second chapter of the 5th volume deserves to be attentively studied: and indeed the whole of the volume presents a very valuable collection of materials for some future historian of the United States. It is by far the most interesting portion of the whole work, and the events which it records afford to legislators and to statesmen many useful suggestions for correcting the errors of speculation. Scarcely were the perils dissipated which had united the energies of thirteen independent states, than the imperfect system of union which had been hastily adopted during the war, appeared to contain the seeds of its own dissolution. The materials, cemented by no principle of cohesion, fell to pieces the moment the pressure was removed which had forcibly kept them together. The existing system was utterly irreconcileable with a wise and effective government; and the freedom which the Americans had so dearly purchased appeared for some years to be little better than the liberty of perishing by their own folly and madness, without the interference of any foreign power. The obstinate jealousy with which the legislature of each state refused to delegate any part of its authority to the congress, necessarily produced misery and discontent at home, and provoked contempt and insult abroad No measures could be concerted or executed for the satisfaction of the creditors of the state, for the establishment of commercial and political relations with other governments, or even for performance of the treaty with Great Britain.

'America'—says Washington in a letter to one of his friends,—'must appear in a very contemptible point of view to those with whom she is endeavouring to form commercial treaties without possessing the means of carrying them into effect;—they must see and feel that the union, or the states individually, are sovereign, as best suits their purposes: in a word, that we are one nation to-day and thirteen to morrow!—who will treat with us on such terms?' — Vol. v. p. 80.

The evils which resulted from this system of discord, be-

came at last so intense that they could be endured no longer, and gradually wrought their own cure. The process, by which this important reform was accomplished, is traced with considerable perspicuity and force by Mr. Marshall; and the progress of the public conviction towards the necessity of a more vigorous and consolidated government is illustrated by judicious extracts from the correspondence of Washington. His letters throughout the whole of this critical period shew the affectionate vigilance with which he still watched over the happiness of his country, and the wisdom with which he discerned the only means by which she could be rescued from anarchy and destruction.

It is worthy of remark that the rigorous system of commercial restriction pursued by this country was the most efficacious instrument in effecting that change in the public sentiments which every enlightened friend of America anxiously desired. The venomous hatred with which Great Britain was regarded after the termination of the conflict readily conducted the understanding of every one to a firm belief that all their complicated embarrassments and miseries might ultimately be referred to the disadvantages with which their trade was loaded by the selfish and unaccommodating spirit of British policy: and from that inference there were not many steps to the conviction that there was no safety without the establishment of some sovereign organ of the public will, by which the haughty spirit of their rivals might be reduced to a tone of compromise and accommodation.

'With respect to the commercial system which Great Britain is pursuing with this country,' says Washington, 'the ministers in this as in other matters are defeating their own end, by facilitating the grant of those powers to congress, which will produce a counteraction of their plans, and with which but for those plans half a century would not have invested that body.

'The restrictions on our trade, and the additional duties which are imposed on many of our staple commodities, have put all the commercial people of this country in motion. They now see the indispensable necessity of a general controlling power, and are addressing their respective assemblies to grant it to congress. Before this, every state thought itself competent to regulate its own trade; and we were verifying the observations of Lord Sheffield, who supposed we never could agree on any general plan. But those who will go a little deeper into matters than his lordship seems to have done, will perceive that in any measure when the general interest is touched, however wide apart the politics of individual states may be, yet as soon as it is discovered, they will unite to effect a common good.' Vol. v. p. 94.

This union, however, so ardently desired, was not so near as the father of his country had suffered himself to hope. A

feverish interval of commotion and discord ensued, and it was not till the year 1789 that the federal constitution was adopted. This event forms an important era in the life of Washington. The unanimous voice of his country called him from his retirement, and with unfeigned reluctance he quitted Mount Vernon to guard the infant destinies of the American empire.

It might possibly have been expected that one who was almost literally called to the first post in the state by the unanimous voice of a grateful nation, would for some time at least have been able to suppress the clamours of discontent and the murmurs of calumny. Scarcely had he commenced the exercise of his public functions when it was made a subject of grave and serious charge against him that, in imitation of the levee days established by crowned heads, he had allotted particular hours for receiving visits not upon business! These frivolous complaints and despicable surmises were treated by Washington with the disregard which they deserved; though he condescended to explain and justify his conduct in his private correspondence with his friends. Vol. v. p. 190, &c.

It is by no means our purpose to follow the biographer through the detail of Washington's administration. The whole of this period is fresh in the recollection of all Europe. Never were moderation, wisdom and firmness more necessary, and never were they more eminently displayed Every one knows the devout attachment of America to France at that time, and how deeply every good American was enamoured of the French revolution. That republicans should have been charmed by its opening prospects can scarcely be surprizing. But with a very powerful party in the state, this strange passion continued with unalterable fidelity and constancy through every vicissitude of its folly and its wickedness; and all its horrors and extravagances were beheld with no common partiality. This pernicious infatuation convulsed the states with two opposite factions, and which at this moment divide the people of America. The first symptoms of this revolutionary fever were attended with a delirium highly alarming to all whose judgment had escaped the disorder; discord unhappily found its way into the deliberations of the executive power, and nothing but the wisdom and resolution of the president could have withdrawn the country from the fraternal embrace of the Great Nation, and saved it from the ruinous consequences of a war with Great Britain. To their resentment against this country, and to their attachment for its mortal enemy, were the jacobin and anti-federalist impatient to sacrifice the dignity, and the prosperity of their nation. The insults and outrages

which were not only patiently borne, but almost thankfully received, at the hands of the French government, are scarcely credible; and it is truly curious to contemplate a people who had ventured their existence to secure their independence, welcoming with marks of extravagant devotion a minister of the convention who had no sooner set his foot on American ground than he manifested, by an unequivocal assumption of the functions of sovereignty, how little the United States were respected by the arrogance and phrenzy of their allies.

'On the 8th April he (Mr. Genet) arrived not at Philadelphia, but at Charlestown in Carolina, a port the contiguity of which to the West Indies would give it a peculiar convenience as a resort for privateers. By the government of that state he was received with an enthusiasm well calculated to dissipate every doubt he might previously have entertained concerning the dispositions on which he was to operate. At this place he continued for several days, receiving extravagant marks of public attachment: during which time he undertook to authorize the fitting and arming of vessels in that port, enlisting men, and giving commissions to cruize and commit hostilities on nations with whom the United States were at peace. The captures made by these cruizers were brought into port, and the consuls of France were assuming, under the authority of Mr. Genet, who was not then recognized as a public minister by the American government, to hold courts of admiralty on them, to try, condemn and authorise their sale.

'From Charlestown Mr. Genet proceeded by land to Philadelphia, receiving on his journey, at the different towns through which he passed, such marks of enthusiastic attachment, as had, perhaps, never before been exhibited to a foreign minister. On the 15th of May he arrived at the seat of government, where he had been preceded by the intelligence of his transactions in South Carolina. This information did not diminish the extravagant transports of joy with which he was welcomed by the great body of the inhabitants.' Vol. v. p. 482.

The same spirit unhappily still continues to ferment, though perhaps with diminished intensity. France is no longer a republic; her hopes of liberty have ended in a stern and bloody despotism; yet she still remains an object of the fondest attachment with the sons of freedom; and while the haughtiness, and the encroachment of Britain are the favourite themes of frantic declamation, the cruizers of France are committing daily insults and outrages on the American flag, without opposition, and almost without remonstrance.

In 1797 the second presidentship of Washington expired. He had been twice called to the chief magistracy by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow citizens, and he now pro-

posed to enjoy for the rest of his life the blessings of tranquillity, and announced his intention to decline being again a candidate. The gratitude of his country followed him into his retirement. Under his government, public credit had been immovably established, the foreign relations of the country had been conducted with dignity and with judgment, and that wise system of neutrality inflexibly pursued, which is so necessary to the prosperity of an infant empire. Having once saved America from her enemies, he performed a service perhaps no less illustrious in preserving her from the effects of her own infatuation. The rising energies of the nation were thus left at leisure to develope themselves, without distraction or interruption; and were employed in laying the basis of immense wealth and power, instead of being exhausted by fruitless interference in the quarrels of Europe.

'Without reviewing,' says Mr. Marshall, 'the measures of the president, which were reprobated by one party and advocated by the other, the reader may be requested to glance his eye at the situation of the United States in 1797, and contrast it with their condition in 1788.

'At home a sound credit had been created, an immense floating debt had been funded, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the creditors; an ample revenue had been provided: those difficulties which a system of internal taxation on its first introduction was doomed to encounter were completely removed, and the authority of the government was firmly established. Funds for the gradual payment of the debt had been provided; a considerable part of it had been actually discharged; and that system which is now operating its entire extinction had been matured and adopted. The agricultural and commercial wealth of the nation had been increased beyond all former example. The numerous tribes of warlike Indians inhabiting the immense tracts which lie between the then cultivated country and the Mississippi, had been taught by arms and by justice to respect the United States and to continue in peace. This desirable object having been accomplished, that humane system was established for civilizing and furnishing them with the conveniencies of life, which improves the condition while it secures the attachment.

'Abroad, the differences with Spain had been accommodated; and the free navigation of the Mississippi had been acquired with the use of New Orleans as a depôt for three years, and afterwards until some other equivalent place should be designated. Those causes of mutual exasperation which had threatened to involve the United States in a war with the greatest maritime and commercial power in the world, had been removed, and the military posts which had been occupied within their territory from their existence as a nation had been evacuated. Treaties had been formed with Algiers and Tripoli; and no captures appear to have been made at Tunis; so that the Mediterranean was open to American vessels.

'This bright prospect was indeed, in part, shadowed by the growing discontents of France. Those who have attended to the particular points in difference between the two nations, will assign the causes to which these discontents are to be ascribed, and will judge whether it was in the power of the executive to have avoided them, without surrendering the real independence of the nation, and the most invaluable of all rights, the right of self-government.

'Such was the situation of the United States at the close of Washington's administration. Their circumstances at its commencement will be recollected: and the contrast is too striking not to be observed.

'That this beneficial change in the affairs of America is to be ascribed exclusively to the wisdom which guided the national councils, will not be pretended. That many of the causes which produced it originated with the government, and that their successful operation was facilitated, if not secured by the system which was adopted, cannot be denied. To appreciate the system correctly, their real influence must be allowed to those strong prejudices and turbulent passions with which it was assailed.' Vol. v. p. 799, &c.

The 'discontents of France,' alluded to in this passage, at last broke out into acts of the most galling indignity, and 'history,' says the author, 'will scarcely furnish an example of a nation, not absolutely degraded, which has experienced from a foreign power such open contumely, and undisguised insult, as were suffered by the United States in the persons of their ministers' in France. But the forbearance and long-suffering of the American people towards their magnanimous ally, was not easily exhausted; and it was not till their ambassadors were driven with humiliation from the territories of the republic, that the government found itself supported by a vigorous and becoming spirit of resistance. Congress immediately adopted measures for retaliating injuries that had been sustained, and for repelling those which were threatened. For this purpose a regular army was to be organized, and immediately the eyes of the whole continent were turned towards Washington as the only person to whom it should be entrusted. He accepted the command provisionally; but before he could be called upon to exercise its functions, he was seized with the disorder which put an end to his existence; and he was not suffered to live long enough to witness the restoration of peace to his country.

'On Friday, the 13th of December, while attending to some improvements upon his estate, he was exposed to a light rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night, he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the wind-pipe. The disease increased with a violent ague, accompanied

with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat; a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration.

'Believing blood-letting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder, who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood; but he would not permit a messenger to be dispatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning Doctor Craik arrived, and perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. The utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder: speaking which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable: respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect, till half past eleven on Saturday night, when retaining the full possession of his intellect he expired without a struggle. Believing at the commencement of the complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician, Doctor Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, 'Doctor' I am dying, and have been dying for a long time, but I am not afraid to die.'

'During the short period of his illness, he economised his time in arranging, with the utmost serenity, those few concerns which required his attention; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.' Vol. v. p. 825, &c.

Thus died the most illustrious of American citizens, and one of the most virtuous of mankind. It is not perhaps too much to assert that no individual, by his own personal exertions, ever conferred so much benefit on his fellow creatures. It is scarcely possible to imagine a spectacle more affecting and more sublime than that of a whole nation, by an unanimous impulse, looking towards an individual for protection and deliverance in every moment of turbulence and peril, and reposing the most unlimited confidence not only on his wisdom, but on his unsullied patriotism and virtue. Of Washington it may truly be said that 'he and greatness were compelled to kiss:'—the assumption of high office and large responsibility was with him rather the performance of a severe duty, than the gratification of a favourite passion; the distinctions of splendid station appear to have had no other charm for him, than the opportunity of becoming use-

ful to society; and if men have existed with powers more happily adapted for sudden and brilliant achievement, no one perhaps was ever more fully accomplished with all the qualities which are required in perilous times, for producing the greatest effects with the most scanty and irregular resources. It is a feature of his character particularly pleasing, because it is uncommon, that his heroism was without vanity; he never undertook or executed any thing with a view to its theatrical effect; and the dignified simplicity of his character rejected every thing artificial and affected. To commend his disinterestedness were idle and superfluous: that virtue, which on this side of the Atlantic has been long forgotten, was habitually practised by the father of America: throughout the whole of his public life, he inflexibly refused to derive any emolument for the situations which he was called to fill, and his receipts were always confined to the expences inevitably incident to the office with which he was invested.

Our readers will probably be gratified in contemplating a picture drawn by one to whom he was known:

'In the sober language of reality,' says Mr. Marshall, 'without attempting to deck a figure with ornaments, or with qualities borrowed from the imagination, a person who has had some opportunities to observe him while living, and who since his decease has most assiduously inspected his private and public papers, will endeavour faithfully to give the impressions which he has himself received.

'General Washington was rather above the common size; his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous; capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united to manly gracefulness.

'His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to the extreme: and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to shew how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy was ardent, but always respectful.

'His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory: but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

'In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal œconomy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

'He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the predominant feature of his character.' * * * * *

'In his civil administration as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense and judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might possibly be placed; and to digest before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be necessary to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information that was attainable, and to hear without prejudice all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions thus maturely made were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

'Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and though far from being regardless of popular favour, he could never stoop to retain, by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, the course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.' * * *

'Neither the extraordinary partiality of the Americans, the extravagant praises which were bestowed on him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence on his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him that innate modesty which adulation would have offended, and which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and passions could produce; of the constant favour of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which to the last moment

of his life they reposed in him; the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.'—Vol. v. p. 834, &c. &c.

We believe this portrait to be correctly drawn, and it is one of those parts of the present work which appear to be the best executed. As Mr. Marshall has embraced in his plan a History of the United States during the period of Washington's public life, we were somewhat disappointed in not finding a more perfect sketch of the federal constitution adopted in 1789; this is so important a feature in the history of the times that it ought to have been distinctly delineated. In our notice of the preceding volumes we protested against the profuse insertion of public addresses and private correspondence, &c. We were indeed scarcely extravagant enough to hope that this fault would be reformed in the remaining volumes; but certainly we did not expect to see the publication distended to its present size by the introduction of so much unnecessary matter as is to be found in many parts of the last volume; especially in pages 132, 135, 137, 139, 158, &c. &c. The author, however, may not, after all, be much to blame: Richard Phillips, in all probability, is the keeper of his conscience; and as this work, dedicated to the memory of the saviour of America, is, for the honour of American literature, to be carried on by British capital, the compiler must necessarily conform to all the approved arts of book-making, which he finds established in these kingdoms, and which no man understands better than the aforesaid Richard Phillips, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Of the style of these volumes we must remark, that it is deficient in spirit and in elegance; that it abounds with many instances of false taste, and with many of those idioms which prevail on the other side of the Atlantic.

ART. IX.—*A Winter in Bath; by the Author of two popular Novels.* 4 *Vols.* Crosby. 1807.

IT is the province of the novelist to mould into an agreeable fiction such events and circumstances as may illustrate the prevailing weaknesses and the peculiar virtues of human nature, and uniformly to excite the sympathy of the reader in favour of moral excellence. In order to accomplish these ends, it is evident that to sensibility and taste must be superadded an extensive acquaintance with the properties of human nature and with the living world, that he may be able to make such a selection of materials as is most likely to

interest and instruct by the facility of their application to the general circumstances of mankind.

An attention to those minute variations of character which arise from accidental and unapparent causes, as they are not founded in general nature, and are, consequently, not applicable to general circumstances, can awaken only a temporary and local interest. A momentary sympathy may be excited, or a fugitive curiosity gratified by a supposed acquaintance with the individuals who are thus represented; but to attract even this limited notice it is requisite that these peculiarities should be capable of exciting our risible propensities by their absurdity, or our more serious censure by their enormity; and that they should be delineated by a strong and masterly hand. To select them is, however, at best to renounce a permanent reputation for a fleeting and unsubstantial applause.

Such, indeed, seems to have been the aim of some of our modern novelists, who, as might be expected, enjoyed an abundant harvest while the autumnal sun shone, but whose winter is now for ever closed in darkness. Their temporary success has given birth to a numerous tribe of imitators; who, as is usual, have fallen short of their originals, and whose want of originality is recompensed by no devices of arrangement, elegance of expression, or profundity of observation.

Before we opened this production of "the Author of two popular Novels," we had pleased ourselves with the expectation of many interesting views of society, many accurate and forcible illustrations of reigning follies, and many delineations of characters selected from the numerous groupes which have frequently presented themselves to our notice during a winter at Bath. Without any pretence to competition, we flattered ourselves that this work might be instructive and entertaining from the abundance of materials which offer themselves to an author who adopts this subject, and we may be permitted to say that we are acquainted with no place which in so narrow a compass, and at so easy a rate, affords opportunities for observing mankind as that to which we are referred by the title of this book. In this resort of the inhabitants of all climates and of people of every age and description, each man acts his part on an open stage, and in the face of the public. The spectator may range over a wide field of observation, may mingle every day with every variety of human nature, and watch the effect of every cause which operates in the formation of character, and the production of human happiness or infelicity. He may see multitudes pass before his eyes who are undistinguished from the common herd, and dwell on many striking instances of those virtues and those vices which nature is proud or ashamed to

acknowledge. He may contemplate at ease a picture which represents every contrast of light and shade, the predominant passions and affections of man, the intolerance or sufferance of age, the proud but ingenuous temperament of youth, the career and consequences of adversity and prosperity, of life usefully or unprofitably spent. He may witness the perversion as well as the wise application of every natural talent, the thirst and pursuit after solid fame, and the ambition which is satisfied with the perishable monument of popular applause.

The present author has disappointed every hope we had entertained, and can merit only a place among the lowest of those ephemeral writers who daily endeavour to catch the passing rainbow of popular favour. His insipid tale might have been safely consigned to the flames without offence to any individual among the numerous customers of the Minerva press.

Adriana Hartley deserted by her father, a professed gambler, and by her mother who has eloped with Harcourt, is, after some uninteresting adventures, at the age of seventeen introduced at Bath under the auspices of Lady Maybury, a vain, but goodhumoured heiress, whose fortune had attracted the attention of an Irish lord. The occurrences at Bath are few, and those not characteristical of the place. They consist in some walks from the Crescent to Pulteney Street and back again, a visit to the Pump Room, of which nothing is said, a play which might have been seen in London, a ball which might have taken place at York, a masquerade, a species of entertainment unknown at Bath, and a concert. At the concert Sir Lionel Herbert, who is in a consumption, and does not excite much interest in the heart of the female reader, attaches himself to Adriana, and relates some anecdotes of a few people who pass in review, and in his descriptions is to be found the grand attempt at the delineation of characters from the life. The most important personage 'is a lady of elegantly graceful form and decided majesty of deportment,' who, it seems, is well known in the Bath circles, where she has reigned with supreme command for thirty years. The peculiarities which attract our author's severity, are her fondness for certain seats at every concert, a desire of rank to which she believed herself entitled by her personal accomplishments, but which she never attained, her present occupation of patronising performers and performances and benefit subscriptions, and of lavishing all the tenderness of her nature on lap dogs, parrots and other outlandish and nondescript pets, while her heart is callous to all the world besides. This description may in part be true or not true. That which

may be correct is not sufficiently ludicrous to give occasion to wit, even had the author possessed it, nor sufficiently entertaining to exite interest in any class of readers. The most important charge, and that from which the character of the lady might suffer most, as it might be productive of some degree of contempt and indignation, we can, fortunately, pronounce on very good authority, to be false, and can, therefore, ascribe only to a wanton and unjustifiable malice, the attempt of an author, who had not the command of wit or ridicule, to defame a lady, who in the domestic relations of daughter, sister, and friend, has uniformly evinced the most refined feelings and the most sincere and active attachments. As it was unnecessary and unjust to censure, so was it *unnecessary* and impolitic to extol the virtues of a man who is brought forward as it were in contrast, and recommended for every perfection of which human nature is capable. We mean not to detract from any praises which virtue may merit, but are sorry to see these praises bestowed in this place, where, from the contiguity of illiberality and indiscrimination, they wear a questionable shape. We shall take no notice of one or two other feeble attempts of a similar nature.

Sir Lionel, apparently attached to Adriana, begs a private audience, and having obtained leave to visit her on the following day, on the morning of his assignation suddenly disappears, without giving any reason for his strange and ungallant conduct. Our heroine is astonished but not disappointed, and harassed by the addresses of Lord Maybury, who had long entertained a passion for her, makes her escape early in the morning to the house of her washerwoman, where, by a strange accident, she finds her mother, whom she had not seen for a great length of time, in the extreme of misery and disease. At this instant the door opens and discovers Falkland, a man of between 40 and 50 years of age, and of some fortune, with whom our heroine had formerly danced at a ball in the country, and who twenty years before had been rejected by her mother. After some trifling incidents, which among other things explain Sir Lionel's conduct, the curtain drops on the marriage of Falkland with Adriana; the female readers are sent away displeased and dissatisfied with this unsuitable connection, and every reader, we will venture to say, regretting the waste of the half hour which has been spent in perusing this wretched production.

ART. IX.—*Letters of Scævola, on the Dismissal of his Majesty's late Ministers. Part I.* 1s. Ridgway. 1807.

ART. X.—*Letters of Scævola, on the Dismissal of his Majesty's late Ministers. Part II. Second Edit.* 1s. Ridgway.

ART. XI.—*A true Statement of the Circumstances which led to the late Change of Administration.* 8vo. 6d. or 18s. per 100. Ridgway. 1807.

ART. XII.—*A Letter stating the Connection which Presbyterians, Dissenters and Catholics had with the recent Event which has agitated and still agitates the British Empire. To which is added a Letter from Lord Grenville to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Sixth Edit.* 6d. Ogle.

ART. XIII.—*Thoughts on the present Crisis of domestic Affairs. By another Lawyer.* Hatchard. 1807.

ART. XIV.—*The fallen Angels. A brief Review of the Measures of the late Administration, particularly as connected with the Catholic Question.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

THE third of these pamphlets is a republication of two of the last letters of the second, and contains no unfair defence of the late ministers, and no bad exposition of the causes which led to their dismission. The author, however, of the letters which have the subscription of Scævola, appears to us to lay too much stress on the refusal of the late ministers to give a written pledge of their future compliance with the wishes of their sovereign as the cause of their dismission. Before that pledge was required, and even before the Catholic question was agitated, there was probably a latent design in the secret advisers of the crown to get rid of those good and able men, who were then in power, and to construct an administration of opposite principles, and with different views of domestic and foreign policy. On the death of Mr. Pitt, the miserable junto, who had acted with him in his last most inglorious and unfortunate administration, seemed conscious of their own inability to guide the helm of the state in this perilous period; and they accordingly declined, in the person of Lord Hawkesbury, the posts of honour and of power, which were offered them by the sovereign. But, it must be remembered that, at this moment, Mr. Fox was living; and the present ministry, who were then depressed and crest-fallen, did not feel themselves competent to maintain their ground against the superiority of his talents and his eloquence. But the tongue of Fox was no sooner silent in the grave,

than the Hawkesbury's, the Perceval's, the Canning's, and the Castlereagh's, rushing forth from their entrenched camp of sophistry, venality and corruption, determined, with the concurring favour of the sovereign, to seize the post which, during the life of Mr. Fox, they had abandoned in despair.

The Catholic question was made the plea for the dismission of the late ministers, but there appear to have been other causes in ambush, which would infallibly have led to the same result, if that question had never been discussed. The measure which they proposed of making fresh concessions to the Catholics, afforded their adversaries a favourable and, as they evidently anticipated, a popular pretext for advising his majesty to banish Lord Grenville, Lord Howick, &c. from his councils. The rays of royal favour which shine behind the throne, have, during the present reign, been often said to be more luminous in their appearance and more potent in their effects, than those, which have been cast from the visible anterior, on the ostensible servants of the sovereign. In the present instance, the smiles of the court were shed with no ordinary influence, on the opposers of the late patriotic administration. The Catholic question came very opportunely to their aid; and they seem to have employed it with considerable dexterity and skill in the subversion of their political foes. The late administration, instead of having attempted to entrap any other person, as they are falsely criminated, appear to have been themselves entrapped by the wily policy of their enemies behind the throne. The openness of their conduct, the fairness of their views, and the patriotic ardour of their sentiments, rendered them less wary and suspicious than men of inferior talents, but with worse hearts, would probably have been. A plan was secretly devised for their ruin, and they fell into the snare. For a time, the measure which they proposed in favour of the Catholics, seemed likely to be accomplished without any very strenuous opposition. With expanded sails, and a propitious wind, they seemed approaching the wished-for shore of emancipation; when certain machinations, more sinister and nefarious than those which hags are said to practise on the coast of Lapland, obliged them to forego their swelling hopes, and caused the haven of peace, of freedom, and of joy, to vanish from their sight. To drop the metaphor, as talent is often supplanted by cunning, the late ministers were completely outwitted by their insidious opponents. According to their suggestions, Lord Grenville and his patriotic associates were suffered to proceed to a certain length towards the execution of their favourite measure; but when they had gone so far that it was known to be impossible for them to recede without the loss of reputation, impediments,

which they had neither expected nor foreseen, were thrown in their way, which they found it impossible to pass. The gracious assent, which they supposed themselves to have received, was converted by treacherous advisers into a formal and authoritative prohibition. Counsels unfavourable to the welfare of the state were instilled into the ears of the best of kings. His majesty was advised to exact a pledge from his servants, which, if it testified their complaisance to the crown, would have rendered them incapable of promoting the security of the empire and the interests of the people. But let it not be supposed that this pledge, even if it had been subscribed, would have much prolonged the power of the late administration. Their dismission might have been delayed; but as the measure itself had been previously determined, one pretext would not have been wanting if another failed. Those who are resolved on any enterprize of violence or fraud will readily provide themselves with opportunities for the execution. If the ministers had signed the pledge, they would soon have sunk in their own estimation and in that of the public; and when their ability had been rendered impotent by the dereliction of their principles and the loss of popular regard, they would have been dismissed with little ceremony, to enjoy the fruits of their folly and the pangs of their regret. The pledge was designed by perfidious advisers, less for the security of the crown than for the degradation of the ministers. In resisting the demand, those ministers evinced as much foresight as integrity.

With repect to the measure of Catholic emancipation itself, all its bearings and tendencies appear to us to be for the strength and security of the empire. It would not only add three millions of bodies to the physical strength of the country, but of bodies animated with hearts, warm with a sense of favours received, and beating high for an opportunity of evincing their courage and their zeal in the defence of a paternal government and an united empire. The Irish are naturally a people full of generous affections. On such a people the boon of kindness is never ill bestowed. It will be repaid with ample service, with triple remuneration. Is it morally just, is it politically wise to withhold from such a people those privileges and immunities, those incitements to a fair and honourable exertion in the civil and in the military departments of the state, which are enjoyed by the rest of the community?—We will allow that, though most of the catholic gentry in Ireland are as well educated as other persons in similar circumstances in other parts of the empire, many of the priests still retain a portion of their primitive bigotry and intolerance. But we have still to learn that the genius of bigotry is to be improved by any species of persecution. Re-

ligious bigotry is always accompanied with proselyting propensities; and it is well known that those propensities are more active when they are stimulated by want; when the subsistence of the individual is at all dependant on the propagation of his tenets among new converts, or on their retention by the old. But we may apply no very uncertain nor inefficacious remedy for this evil by granting a salary both to the bishops and the priests of the Romish church in Ireland, which would, in a great measure, diminish their proselyting zeal, encrease their good will, and enlarge their charity beyond the narrow pale of their own communion. Buonaparte, in whom we see much to abhor which is evil, and something to imitate which is good, has taught us that an ecclesiastical establishment may be constituted both of papists and of protestants without any collision of religious animosity, or any disturbance in the internal tranquillity of an empire. The boon, which a state affords to its religious teachers, certainly operates in some measure, as a premium on their indolence; and whatever may be the case among other sects, it seems more than probable in the Romish communion, that in proportion as the priest is quiescent, the people are enlightened. The Irish catholics, by being exempted from those invidious distinctions with which they are now both stigmatised and oppressed, by being liberated from the obscuring artifices of their priests, would participate more rapidly in that rational illumination, which is gradually spreading over the British isles. And let it be remembered that popery, when it has once been subverted, will not readily recover from its fall. It may be a giant while ignorance remains; but when reason appears in her armour of light, the towering strength of the giant sinks into the impotency of the dwarf. Let the government of this country open the way to every civil and military distinction, to the virtuous ambition of the Irish Catholics; let us soften the remaining bigotry of their priests by kind indulgence, and diminish their mischievous activity by a prudent and well-timed liberality; let us excite among the half barbarous peasantry a spirit of industry; let us gradually diffuse the blessings of civilization and the elements of knowledge by wise, humane and philanthropic institutions: and we shall behold a favourable change in the genius, the habits and the manners of the people. That species of popery which is most pernicious, cannot long survive the culture of the intellect; and popery, divested of its bigotry and superstition, of its irrational mummery and its pestilent opinions, becomes as innocuous as any other species of Christianity.

As popery, from the ignorance which it encourages and the

blind submission which it enjoins, is not unfavourable to the growth of arbitrary power, we believe that it is a species of religion, which sovereigns in general regard with complacency rather than abhorrence. Particular circumstances may render it an object of their dread; but that dread is more excited by some associated contingencies, than by the mischievous qualities of the thing. Even in this country and during the present reign no small degree of complaisance has been shewn to papists, and to papists too not of native extraction but of foreign growth. By an act, which passed in the 44th year of his majesty's reign, he is empowered to admit an unlimited number of foreign papists into his army: to give them commissions without any limitations, and to billet them on his people in the same manner and subject only to the same regulations as the native troops. When this act passed, did the cry of 'no popery' resound in the purlieus of the court? Was any dread felt, any alarm excited in the bosom of the anti-papistical Mr. Perceval and his pensioned coadjutors? No, their lips were closed and their tongues were mute. The constitution was thought free from danger and the church from profanation, though the sword was put into the hand of these exotic papists; and though the act permitted 10,000 to be quartered in any part of the kingdom, and even in the capital of the empire. But are the religion and the liberties of Englishmen safer in the hands of foreign than of Irish catholics? Is a papist who has breathed from his birth the free air of these genial isles, more an object of terror and dismay, than a papist, who has imbibed the noxious vapour of despotism under the slavish governments of the continent? Can these questions be answered, or these contradictions be reconciled by the flippant oratory of Perceval, of Canning, or even of Eldon, the conscientious, the open and the upright?

But it appears from some little circumstances which have transpired, and indeed from the conduct and sentiments of the present ministers, that the dread of the secret cabal behind the throne was not excited more by the indulgences which were designed for the Irish catholics, than by those which were intended for the English Presbyterians and other descriptions of protestant dissenters. A repeal of the religious tests was proposed in the clause which was introduced into the mutiny act by Lord Howick, and which was inserted in the bill which he afterwards brought into the House of Commons.—"*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*" This is what principally excited the dread that was felt, and the dissatisfaction that was expressed. In the proceedings of courts as well as in the transactions of private life, the ostensible reason is often different from the true. The true must be sought not

in the open declarations, but in the tacit reservations, the half-formed sentences and the shuffling duplicity of the parties.

It was neither consistent with wisdom nor with policy that any favours should be shewn to the catholics, which were not dispensed with equal liberality to every other species of dissenters. The claims to civil and to religious immunities which the catholics could prefer, might with at least equal justice be pleaded by every denomination of dissenters. The presbyterian interest, which was most strenuously active, and most forcibly operative in placing the present family on the throne, has not for many years experienced much favour from the court. The principles of the whigs, indeed, which are so generally professed by the presbyterians, have never basked much in the sunshine of court favour during the present reign. That favour has been principally vouchsafed to those who have shewn themselves most active in depressing the people and elevating the prerogative. When the cry of "no popery" was raised upon a late occasion, more bitterness was lurking in the heart against the protestant dissenters, the firm friends of knowledge and of liberty, than against the papists, who have always shewn themselves more favourable to ignorance, and more prone to servitude. But by refusing to concede any thing to the catholics, the secret cabal of unconstitutional advisers thought to screen themselves from the necessity of making any concessions to the conscientious dissidents, from the establishment, among the protestants. The indulgences which were proposed for the catholics did not excite their abhorrence and their fears, so much as the repeal of the tests, which must have followed in favour of the dissenters. For a protestant government could not have granted any boon to its popish, which it refused to its protestant subjects, without subjecting itself to the most odious accusations. We have thus developed some of the latent motives which operated in the bosoms of those advisers, who, during the continuance of the late patriotic administration, lay in ambush behind the throne.

In discussing the merits of the late administration, when we consider the good which they did, compared with the short time which they had for doing it, and with the numerous impediments which were accumulated in their way by the friends of the old tyranny and corruption, we think them entitled to high and ample praise. Purity of intention, the love of their country, a proper regard for knowledge and for liberty, and a virtuous hostility to the perpetuation of imposition and abuse, were evident in the views which they disclosed, in the principles which they professed, and in the general course of conduct which they pursued. Their scheme of government was comprehensive, liberal, and enlightened;

not fettered by narrow prejudices, or sectarian partialities, not obscured by sordid interests, nor debased by one mercenary act. In these perilous and turbulent times, when it is necessary to guard against the outrage of democratic violence on the one side, and the more dangerous, because more latent and insidious machinations of an usurping tyranny on the other, they formed a barrier between both. They evinced a respectful attention to the constitutional head of the government, and equal devotion to the rights of the people. The constitution, liberated from the unnatural excrescence of multiplied abuse, was the object of their veneration; and the principles which had been so warmly cherished, and so invariably maintained by Mr. Fox were their guide. In times like these, and indeed in any times, we consider the dismission of such a ministry to be a national calamity.

In our review of Lord Howick's speech and on other late occasions we have expressed our attachment to that administration of which he was such a shining ornament; and that attachment is increased by every comparison which we can institute between their conduct and that of their successors in office. We are neither the interested nor the venal advocates of any party, but we will never shrink from the duty of defending the good and the wise whether in or out of place.

We will mention one little circumstance which evinces the different temper of the two administrations. In our review for May we mentioned a sermon which had been preached by Mr. Stone at an archidiaconal visitation, which had given considerable offence to those who are enemies to free inquiry in matters of religion, and who do not, like true Protestants, consider the scriptures to be the only rule of faith.

This sermon was by certain persons, whose discretion is inferior to their zeal, made the object of an ecclesiastical prosecution; but the proceedings were discouraged by the late administration; the present ministers however were no sooner in their seats than the sword of intolerance was lifted against the inquisitive religionist; and the prosecution was ordered to proceed.

In discussing the merits of the late administration in our review of Lord Howick's speech, we did not dwell on one particular which deserves no ordinary commendation; the introduction of limited service into the constitution of the British army. This measure, regarded in a constitutional view, will be found equal in utility to any public act, which has been passed during the present reign. The profession of a soldier on the former footing of the army must be considered as an imprisonment for life. An almost insuperable barrier was placed between the soldier and the citizen; and

hardly any common ties of sympathy were left to connect the feelings of the army with the liberties of the people. But according to the improvement of the late administration the soldier is intimately blended with the citizen. After a few years of service the soldier may return to renew his peaceful labours in his native fields. In his native fields he may enjoy the sweet charities of wife and child. More citizens will become soldiers; and fewer soldiers will cease to be citizens. The great danger to a free government is to be apprehended from an army rendered alien by its constitution to the common interests and sympathies of the people. This danger the late administration took the most effectual measure to prevent. The indulgences which they proposed to concede to the Catholics and to the Dissenters were only an act of common justice to both; and though the liberality of their views and the disinterestedness of their measures may have occasioned the loss of their places and their power, yet the good sense of the country is alive to the feeling of their services; and its gratitude will not readily cancel the obligation.

ART. XV.—*Sur la Cause, &c.*

On the Cause of the Miseries of Europe from 1789 *to* 1807. *By M. De Lisle, a French Emigrant.* 8vo. Booker. 1807.

TO the French revolution, as to the box of Pandora, have been ascribed all the numerous ills, which, at present, infest the continent of Europe. But the author thinks that the revolution, which is one of the miseries of Europe, cannot be the cause: for the same thing cannot, at once, be both effect and cause. The present sufferings of Europe, instead of being imputed to the revolution, ought more properly to be attributed to those, by whose machinations and intrigues, whose open aggression and insidious hostility, the stream of the revolution, composed of the sentiments and affections, the interests and the passions of men, was diverted into a different channel from that in which it would have otherwise flowed. The original tendencies of the revolution were certainly pacific; and its principles can, with no more justice be charged with the massacres of September, the distresses of nations, or the desolating fury of the present war, than the precepts and genius of christianity can be made accountable for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, or the ravage of the crusades. The pernicious effects, and wide-wasting ruin of the revolution can justly be ascribed only to those, who conspired to hinder its beneficial conse-

quences, to alter its nature, to vitiate its purity, to turn its milk into gall and its waters into blood. The unprincipled, perfidious and cowardly nobles who abandoned their country and their sovereign, when both were in the utmost need of their assistance, and who spread themselves over Europe, collecting, from every quarter, hordes of assassins against the liberties of France may, in conjunction with the courts of Vienna, of Berlin, &c. who were weak enough to listen to the perfidious counsels of these despicable fugitives, most justly be charged with the horrors, the anarchy and bloodshed of the revolution. These have been the instruments of converting the pacific genius and virtuous principles of the revolution into a monster and a fury; perpetrating unparalleled barbarities and unprecedented abominations. On their heads be the guilt of enormities, too atrocious to have a place in the records of humanity. By them the current of the revolution was swelled into a torrent that has inundated Europe, and seemed to threaten the destruction of the civilized world. But moral causes, though too subtle to be seen, or too intricate to be unravelled, are as determinate in their tendencies and as certain in their operations, as physical. But moral causes, though subject to general laws, seem to be under the more immediate agency of God; and what we call moral causes are, in fact, parts of his providential government; which is at once relative to the past, the present and the future. Evil always ultimately rebounds with a dreadful reaction on those by whom it has been occasioned. The evils of the revolution have proved most destructive to their authors. The courts of Vienna and of Berlin have been recompensed to the full for the part which they took in the antirevolutionary war. If their thrones have not been thrown down, yet they are left standing only on a base of ruins. Of the antirevolutionary emigrants, many have perished, and the rest are verging to the brink of annihilation. The principles of the revolution were good; but good, vitiated, becomes the worst of evils. The flagitious use which has been made of the purest religion and the best code of ethics, is a proof of this. The enemies of the revolution by the calumnies which were so lavishly disseminated against the authors, the spirit and the principles, armed all Europe against it, till it became the most terrible engine of destruction to themselves, and the most formidable weapon, which Providence ever put into the hands of man for the punishment of those who have endeavoured to frustrate the effects of a combination of causes which, at first, seemed to afford the fairest promise of freedom and of happiness. But blind zealots, intriguing and half-sighted politicians, lawless and

rapacious despots, the fiends of ambition, of avarice, of tyranny and priestcraft, conspired to cast a cloud over the opening dawn of the revolution, and to engender storms and tempests in a sky, that would, otherwise, have been serene. What a dread account will they have to give at the impending day of moral retribution, who, to gratify the basest passions, the most sordid and unhallowed ends, obscured the brightest prospects and disappointed the most cheering hopes of the human race!

A few days after the glorious capture of the Bastille in July 1789, which caused a sensation, that vibrated from Paris almost to the ends of the earth, a few factious and pusillanimous nobles, who had neither minds nor hearts to embrace the generous views of the revolution, left their country, breathing vengeance without having suffered injury, and resolved by their calumnies and intrigues, their supplications and their tears at other courts, to ruin the cause which was auspicious to humanity, and adverse only to the selfishness, the pride and tyranny of a few. In the month of October following, the new government issued a general amnesty in order to induce those fugitives to return to France. They refused; and busied themselves every where in collecting enemies against the new order of things. The courts of Vienna and of Berlin too readily listened to their perfidious representations; in Germany they were authorized to levy troops against France; and they unfurl the banners of an antirevolutionary war. Miserable men! infatuated politicans! little did they calculate the extent or the consequences of that war! By a decree of the 29th of October 1791 the legislative assembly petitioned Louis XVII. to require the princes of the empire to prohibit the armaments of the emigrants. A decree of accusation was passed against them on the 1st of January 1792, and on the 20th of the following April, war was declared against the emperor. These plain facts prove that the new government of France, instead of being the aggressor, either against the emigrants or the princes of the empire, was herself first menaced by their treachery and attack. France was most anxious for peace, that she might consolidate her government and perfect the domestic arrangements which she meditated; but the enemies of the revolution were impatient for war, that they might prevent its beneficent effects; and, by throwing the kingdom into anarchy and inundating it with blood, make the people desire the restoration of former abuses, and seek for rest in the old system of oppression. In the year 1792 the cabinets of Vienna, of Berlin, and Stockholm engaged in a war with France against every principle of justice, of humanity, and policy. They were neither attacked nor menaced by the revolution;

the revolutionists, occupied with their own concerns, wished for peace with foreign powers, but those powers deluded by the representations of the emigrants, nor less by their own selfishness and ambition, thought that the revolution was a mere fabric of sand, which they had only to enter France with an army in order to dissipate in air. Impressed with this infatuation, and dazzled, like school-boys, with the hope of mighty atchievements, the king of Prussia and the duke of Brunswick, marched into the heart of France at the head of an army almost destitute of ammunition and provisions The result is well known. They were indebted for their return only to the forbearance of their enemies. At this period the revolution had grown into a giant, whom it was idle in the coalesced powers to attack, and impossible to subdue. But they knew nothing, as they ought, either of the state of France or of the nature of the revolution. One stratagem succeeded to another; and as the stratagems of selfishness, of ignorance, and folly usually do, all finally failed. If the revolution was to be suppressed, the efforts of the coalition were too late; the military force of France, in which numbers were aided by enthusiasm, was more than a match for the ill concerted aggression of confederated Europe. If the coalesced powers wished to stop the diffusion of revolutionary principles, the war only contributed to sublime the virus and to disseminate the bane; while it converted the revolution itself into a volcano of death. The revolutionary governments were successively furnished with means of conquest and opportunities of aggrandizement, which they would otherwise never have experienced. Incentives to universal domination were supplied, which were too strong to be resisted; and those enemies to the revolution, whose malignant attempts soured its pacific spirit, and counteracted its beneficent tendencies, were, by the wise retributions of the Deity, immersed in suffering and woe.

While the coalesced cabinets made war on the principles of the revolution, they were ignorant of the causes; they cherished, they patronized, they supported the only criminal authors of the event, which inflamed their hostility, and alarmed their fears. The real authors of the revolution, that is, the profligate cabal, whose peculation, extravagance, and crimes, involved the old government in those inextricable difficulties, which necessitated a recourse to the measures which brought on the revolution, had no sooner set fire to the mine than they all fled, at the moment of explosion. These recreant fugitives, wherever they went, spread the report that virtue and loyalty were banished from France; and, in order to avert suspicion from themselves, they ascribed the revolution to any cause, rather than the right. They were heard with attention; and instead of the detes-

tation which is due to guilt, they excited the sympathy which belongs only to innocent misfortune. Even Burke made his eloquence subservient to the propagation of their invectives and their calumnies; and the real cause of the revolution seemed buried under an impenetrable cloud. That cause was indeed designedly kept out of sight; and speculation dwelt on causes which were remote, partial, accessory, and indirect. But M. De Lisle has attempted, with considerable ability, a perspicuous exposition of that which 1st, prepared the way for the revolution; which 2dly, determined the attempt; and which 3dly, caused it to succeed. In considering the causes which prepared the way for the revolution, the first thing which merits our attention, is the imbecile, timid, and irresolute character of the king. This monarch has been much commended for his good intentions; but without sufficient consideration. To mean well and to do ill, appears to us to constitute but a poor claim to kingly praise. The volitions of beneficence may often be judged praise-worthy, when separated from the corresponding performance; because the power of execution may be wanting; but no king of France was prevented by inability from executing any good intentions towards his people, which his heart might indulge, or his reason might contrive. A king possesses more power either of doing good or of doing evil than any other man; and his praise or his blame ought to be proportioned to the good or the evil which he does. To say that the good intentions of Louis were rendered abortive by the domination of his queen, is to degrade him to a despicable inferiority below the dignity of man. When we panegyrise a sovereign we look for qualities which are of more sturdy growth than to be rendered steril and unproductive by the malign ascendancy of a woman. Louis was little better than the menial of his queen; and the queen herself appears to have been played off like a puppet by one of the ladies of her court. Those, who administer the affairs of a despotic government, do well to hide the machinery under a veil of mystery; for, if the curtain were so far withdrawn as to expose the puppets which move the wires, an ineffable contempt would supersede the feeling of respect, and invalidate the duty of obedience. The queen had many natural attractions, and could charm when she pleased; but she had neither an enlightened, nor a cultivated mind. She never read any thing but a few romances; her knowledge was small; nor did she seem at all anxious to enlarge the stock. When any subject assumed a serious turn, an ennui was visible on her countenance, which chilled the conversation. She amused herself with the tattle of the day, with little sallies of gallantry, which were managed with address

and, above all, with scandal, as it is served up at court. Any talents for pleasing at all superior to her own, affected her with evident inquietude. Such was Marie Antoinette, on whom Burke lavished the richest colours of his eloquence. The orator called her the morning star; but the course of this star was governed by a very inferior light in the person of Julia de Polignac, and both together combined with the corrupt, venal, and licentious coterie, which followed in their train, formed the most malignant constellation that ever ruled over the horizon of France.

The king was an obsequious tool to the wishes of the queen; and the queen was rendered subservient to the views of Madame Polignac and her coterie; who made a shameless traffic of the power and favour of the queen. Every sister of this coterie laboured with criminal avidity in making her own fortune, that of her family and friends; she had her regular office, her levee, her courtiers, &c. The emoluments and honours of the church, all places in the civil and military department, pensions, annuities, letters of nobility, decrees of cassation, revision, privileges, pardons, exemptions, even injustice itself, all was offered for sale in the recesses of the coterie, which was nominally subject to the queen; but, in reality obeyed the ascendant of Madame de Polignac. This coterie for fifteen years ruled the country without controul; and, like a host of harpies, pillaged it without moderation. The honest Surgot, who wished to apply some remedy to the increasing abuses of the state, was soon baffled in all his projects, ridiculed, and dismissed, by the faction of Madame de Polignac. His successor M. de Clugni lavished the public money with so little restraint on his prostitutes and the members of the coterie, that, in a ministry of four months, he added twelve millions to the deficit of the state. Other ministers were successively dismissed by the coterie till the destinies of France were committed to M. de Calonne, whose profusion exceeded that of all his successors; but whose complaisance to the cabal of Madame de Polignac was so unlimited, that he continued in office for about three years and a half, till he had expended three milliards of livres, above the ordinary revenue. This enormity of extravagance, which was perpetrated under the auspices of Madame de Polignac and her friends, sufficiently shews how this mischievous coterie prepared the way for the revolution.

In order to soften the indignation against this unparalleled prodigality, the coterie proposed that some popular expedient should be devised to maintain their own influence, and to support the credit of M. de Calonne. The notables were convened, but this assembly, instead of exhibiting any complaisance to the minister or his friends, demand an account

of the debt, and of the reasons for which it was incurred. The feeble king was inveigled or intimidated into a compliance with their demands; Calonne was dismissed, and the states general were ordered to be assembled.

At that crisis of peril when the Bastille was taken, it is certain that the chiefs of the coterie secretly overruled the counsels of the king. At this moment the only alternative left them was defence or flight; they had not courage or energy sufficient for the first; they advised the unfortunate monarch to yield to his subjects; and they fled with precipitation, hoping soon to return and take vengeance on their enemies. But, in order to cover their flight from the reproach of cowardice, they had the art to prevail on the king to issue an order for them to leave the kingdom. Thus these perfidious fugitives, among whom were three princes of the blood, abandoned the king in his utmost need, to the machinations of his enemies, and the outrage of the populace. By their perfidy and their cowardice the coterie of Madame de Polignac contributed to the ruin of the king, who had loaded them with favours; and to the success of the revolution.

Many writers have concurred in ascribing the revolution to the exertions of the philosophers. But, on this subject, M. De Lisle well remarks, that, if by the word philosophers we understand only men of lax principles and bad morals, such philosophers have abounded in all ages from Cain, of fratricidal memory, to the present times. In this sense philosophy may be loaded with all the crimes which have ever been committed in the world. But this is only to profane a venerable name: and philosophy had no more share in producing the multiplied atrocities of the revolution, than christianity itself. The ruinous and impolitic war which the French government waged in favour of America, the dilapidation of the finances, the lethargy of the police, the silence of the laws, the multiplied violations of religion and morality, the general debauchery and libertinism, which were the forerunners of the revolution, were rather the effect of the voluptuous and profligate coterie of Madame de Polignac than the fruit of philosophy or the operation of philosophers. Burke, Barruel, and other writers, have ascribed to the literati and sages of France a greater degree of concert and of influence than they ever possessed; they were divided among themselves, but if their whole authority had been combined for one purpose and directed to one end, it would have been insufficient to subvert the massy fabric of the ancient government. That government was not destroyed by the philosophy of its adversaries, but by the vices and the crimes of those who professed to be its friends. Neither the declamation of the philosophers nor the violence of

the people, would have overturned the throne, if the band of courtiers and of courtezans who surrounded it, had not, by their accumulated enormities, their extravagance, debauchery, and crimes, brought the government into disgrace, lowered it in the estimation of the people, and sapped the foundations on which alone it could rest with security till it was forced into the vortex of revolution.

ART. XVI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. and A. S. F. R. S. and R. M. S. Edin. late Pres. of the Lit. and Phil. Soc. at Manchester; Member of the Royal Societies of Paris and of Lyons, of the Medical Societies of London, and of Aix en Provence, of the Americ. Acad. of Arts, &c. and of the Americ. Phil. Soc. at Philadelphia. To which is added, a Selection from his Literary Correspondence.* 8vo. Johnson. 1807.

FROM the struggles of ambition and the vicissitudes of nations, from the asperity of party politics, or the less becoming, though not less virulent rancour of party theologians, the mind willingly turns to the contemplation of useful virtue, and reposes with satisfaction on the quiet scenes of domestic life.

If the biography of a man of letters be from its very nature destitute of that variety of event, which principally operates in attracting our attention to the history of individuals, the life of a physician, it may be objected, whose residence in a provincial town precluded him from that intercourse with the great or the learned, which the metropolis alone affords, can have but feeble hopes of arresting the attention of the world. But the memory of Dr. Percival has many claims on the public gratitude; the profession of which he was an ornament, who lose no opportunity of testifying the utility they derived from his labours, and there are few families who have not been benefited by his efforts to instruct the rising generation. If the observer of his life and writings be not dazzled by the splendour of commanding talents, he is charmed by the milder influence of moral beauty; and the talents of Dr. P., if not of the most distinguished order, claimed for their possessor a highly respectable rank among the literary characters of our age and country, while the active utility which ever animated his exertions and directed his views, throws around him a steady lustre, which outshines the glare of more powerful, but useless or mis-directed genius.

The subject of these memoirs was descended from a Cheshire family of considerable respectability, and, being then

17 years of age, was the first pupil whose name was enrolled at the celebrated Warrington academy, which was opened in 1757. It is probably to this circumstance that his early doubts on the subject of our national religion are to be attributed, as it appears that before his removal from that seminary, he had entertained an idea of becoming a member of the university of Oxford, but hesitated concerning the subscription to the thirty-nine articles, which at Oxford is required, by statute, on matriculation. These doubts, on more profound investigation of each article of belief, and a scrutinizing study of the best doctrinal interpreters, were matured into an entire separation from the communion of the established church. A due respect for the sacredness of private opinion, on a subject so important to the interests of humanity, induces us to forego all comments on this part of Dr. P.'s conduct and character. In matters of faith our opinions may differ from his, but he, like us, entertained the highest respect for the national establishment. The wanton contempt alone of the doctrines and rites of religion deserves reprobation, and it is our pride and boast, unlike some of the journals of the present day, who even glory in their intolerance, that no man can complain of persecution from us for his sentiments on the speculative doctrines of religion. It is with considerable satisfaction that we find our opinions on this point coinciding so exactly with those of so able and unprejudiced a judge as Dr. Percival, who has the praise of never having participated in the rancour of religious controversy.

'A strenuous advocate for the expediency of embracing definite sentiments of *belief*, he maintained at the same time the supremacy of individual opinion, and the regard due to that system of national faith, which has been preserved to us through so long a period by the eminent learning and integrity of its divines. 'The speculative doctrines of religion, he declares, as they have no influence on the moral conduct of mankind, are comparatively of little importance. They cannot be understood by the generality even of Christians; and the wise, the learned, and the good, have in all ages differed, and will ever continue to differ, about them. An intemperate zeal therefore for such points of faith betrays a weak understanding and a contracted heart; and that zeal may justly be deemed intemperate which exceeds the value of its object, and which abates our benevolence towards those who do not adopt the same opinions with ourselves.'

Johnson, in his nineteenth number of the Rambler, expatiates with his usual discrimination and strength, on the expediency of an early choice of a profession. Agreeably to the sentiments of that great man, Dr. Percival seems to have determined when yet very young, to follow the medical

profession. This predilection may be traced to the particular constitution of his mental and corporeal faculties. With a mind thirsting for intellectual improvement, he naturally contemplated with pleasure the pursuits connected with physic, a science, or an art, as his biographer well observes, allied to an almost infinite range of natural and moral enquiry. The delicacy of his temperament pointed out those occupations as particularly desirable, which were to be attended with comparative ease and tranquillity, while it rendered him alike disinclined and unfit for the tumultuous pursuits of a more ambitious life. To these reasons may be fairly added that active spirit of benevolence and philanthropy which so eminently distinguished Dr. Percival, and which could not but take delight in the prospect of a species of happiness which the profession of medicine affords beyond any other, that of ministering, immediately and perceptibly, to the miseries of our fellow creatures in distress.

After a regular course of study at the two universities, the most celebrated in Europe for medical science, Edinburgh and Leyden, Dr. P. on his return from the latter place, entered into the marriage state, and after a residence of two years at Warrington, his native place, determined upon settling at Manchester, where an opening then offered, and where he commenced his career with a degree of success, which is rarely equalled.

Before his removal from Warrington, Dr. P. had enjoyed a considerable share of leisure, which was devoted to various philosophical and experimental enquiries, chiefly connected with the science of physic. The result of these lucubrations was the Essays, afterwards published under the title of Medical and Experimental. The observations which we find on this subject in the work before us, shall be given in the original, and they will, we think, afford a favourable example of the powers of reasoning and of composition possessed by the author, the son of the distinguished character whose life is recorded.

'The "Essays" which he formed on the result of his investigations, were sometimes presented to the Royal Society, and were afterwards inserted in the volumes of its Transactions: at other times, they were communicated to the public through the medium of the most current periodical journals. These miscellaneous pieces were, in the course of the present year collected and published in one volume, under the title of *Essays Medical and Experimental.*

'The favourable reception which this volume gained with the public, encouraged its author to pursue the scheme of experimental enquiry which he had commenced. His choice of this method, it may be observed, was directed by a mature consideration of the proper object and means of scientific research; and as he laboured

with perseverance in a walk at that time little frequented by men of talents or learning, it may not be superfluous to explain briefly the nature of his design.

'The progress of medical science, when compared with the number and diligence of its professors, might justly appear inconsiderable, and excite the attention of the more liberal part to the *causes* which retarded its advancement. So recently, however, have the rules of legitimate investigation been generally comprehended, that these causes were imperfectly understood, and often erroneously explained, by writers of physic in the middle of the last century. Medical philosophers had not hitherto acknowledged, that the same circumstances which at first promoted, tended afterwards unequivocally to obstruct the enlargement of their science; or that the vast designs of the fathers of physic dazzled, whilst they enlightened, the judgments of their successors. The early structure of medicine, like that of other sciences, having arisen from the energies of *individual* genius, men were accustomed to look for its extension and improvement to the like efforts of extraordinary intellects; and thus, whilst the multitude neglected the proper use, or abandoned the record of their experience, a few capacious minds laboured to extend their views on every side to the boundary of physical research. On the credit of their own experiments and observation they erected comprehensive systems; and, possessed of the common faculties which nature has assigned to limit individual experience, they trusted to other powers for the artificial arrangement of her laws. Hence the great and important discoveries which these masters successively made, were so blended with the fanciful errors of speculation, that each in his turn contributed to mislead the opinions of mankind. By mistaking the proper object of philosophy, the inestimable powers of genius and industry were often lavished on the pursuit of a shadow; and the FIRST PRINCIPLES of medical science seemed destined to be the sport of perpetual uncertainty.

'It may not, indeed, appear unaccountable, that a science extending over the animal and intellectual, as well as the material kingdom, should continue longer involved in conjectural hypothesis, than the more abstract or limited subjects of investigation. The success, however, with which philosophers had begun to elucidate other departments of experimental knowledge, at length served to communicate its proper light to medical enquiry. The error was gradually acknowledged, of attempting to gain the mastery over so comprehensive a science by the solitary powers of the most vigorous capacity; and a more adequate method was silently adopted, which, by exercising the reason and experience of an indefinite multitude, and by distributing its labours in due arrangement, has brought them to bear with united advantage on the same common object. The most enlightened and powerful minds have been diverted from the formation of systems, to the accurate scrutiny and faithful record of the facts which are cognizable by their senses; whilst men of humbler talents, who formerly received with acquiescence the opinions of their superiors, have since laboured with them in the same field of experiment and research. The benefit of this wide co-

operation has greatly exceeded the simple measure of the truths which have been accumulated. Nor would it be an exaggeration to assert, that the splendid discoveries in experimental science which recent times have witnessed, are to be ascribed solely to the more extended influence of those rules of legitimate philosophy, which Lord Bacon attempted, two centuries ago, to establish.

'In estimating the merit therefore of scientific writers, some preference will be due to those, who were among the first to give a right direction to the industry of their contemporaries. Although Dr. Percival was by no means the earliest writer of essays on distinct subjects of experimental physic; yet no medical philosopher, as far as I am able to discover, had hitherto so clearly unfolded, or pursued through so considerable a series, the objects, of this practical design. The merits of the scheme are unquestionable; and the merits of the writer may be esteemed of superior excellence, because he has risen above the common prejudices of the times, and anticipated, in some degree, that enlightened order of enquiry, which has since more generally prevailed.'

During his whole life Dr. Percival united literary with professional employment. As his works have, we believe without exception, been given separately to the world, it would be alike an insult to the taste of the public and to the reputation of Dr. P. to enumerate them. Suffice it to say that they are now for the first time edited in a complete form, under the care of his son, who has prefixed the biographical sketch now under review, as an introduction to them.

As a part of that steady system of philanthropy, by which from maturity to old age, Dr. P. was uniformly actuated, must be enumerated his assiduous efforts in the formation of several public establishments.

'He was one of the small number of literary patrons,' says our author, 'who contributed their active services to the support of the Warrington academy, an institution which engaged in a peculiar manner the attention of the leading dissenters of this kingdom. From neighbourhood of situation, as well as from early attachment to the plan of instruction, and the general objects of the foundation, he had for some years promoted its success by his exertions in various departments. As *trustee*, he took a share in the business and responsibility of its government; whilst he frequently employed his pen, in calling the attention of the public to the existing state of the institution, and in soliciting the pecuniary aid of those individuals who were friendly to its welfare.'

When the above seminary was dissolved, an institution of a similar nature and for similar purposes, viz. the education of protestant dissenting ministers, was projected at Manchester, under the title of the Manchester Academy. Here also the subject of these memoirs took an active and leading interest. This new academy flourished some years

with considerable reputation. It is not to our purpose to enquire into the causes of the decline of either of these establishments. It is well known that the academy at Manchester eventually shared the same fate with its prototype and predecessor.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, which has attained a just distinction from the talents of its members, and the volumes of memoirs which it has at different times laid before the public, owes its foundation to the zeal, and its continuance to the fostering care of Dr. Percival. This institution originated in the meetings which were held weekly at his house for the purpose of conversation, and which were frequented by all the literary characters of the town and neighbourhood, together with the principal inhabitants, and occasional strangers. A regular society being afterwards formed under the immediate auspices of Dr. P., he was appointed president, in which respectable situation he continued till his death, cherishing and supporting the institution by his exertions, and adding credit to its 'Transactions,' by his frequent and valuable literary contributions.

Through life he was in the habit of correspondence with most of the distinguished literary characters, as well his own countrymen as foreigners. In that style which is particularly adapted to epistolary writing, he in consequence attained a considerable degree of perfection. His biographer has judiciously inserted in the present work, a selection from his correspondence, remarkable, perhaps, rather for purity of style than for vigour of conception. But the letters tend to exhibit a faithful image of the mind whence they proceeded; they breathe throughout the most liberal and enlightened principles, benevolence towards individuals, and an ardent zeal for the public good.

We now proceed to the most painful part of the biographer's duty. Dr. P. had never enjoyed vigorous health, but great caution and temperance had in a moderate degree secured to him its invaluable comforts. He had nevertheless been accustomed for many years to be tormented at intervals with violent head-achs, which, as his death drew near, gave him a longer respite than usual. In the summer of 1804, his last illness came upon him. On the 23d of August, he was seized with a shivering fit, and was conveyed to his bed, from which he was to rise no more. For some days he suffered excruciating pain in the region of the diaphragm and liver, which, as might be expected, he bore with fortitude and resignation, the result of an approving conscience. On the abatement of the pain, he was left in a state of irreparable debility, and on the 30th day of the same month, finished his state of quiet dissolution, leaving to his afflicted

survivors, the consolation that, as he lived universally beloved, so the lamentations of all who knew him, bore honourable testimony to his departed virtues.

It will be seen from the brief sketch which we have given of Dr. Percival's life, that as a man of learning and talents, his title to admiration is far from insignificant, but, as his biographer modestly observes, 'his claims to the regard of posterity will be deemed more considerable, when the nobler parts of his character are contemplated in the sanctuary of his virtues.' It was in a sick room that Dr. P.'s amiable disposition shewed itself to the greatest advantage. In this department of his duty, he had no equal; in his domestic relations of father, friend, husband, it would not be easy to point out his superior; and it has rarely happened to us to be acquainted with a character, to which the Homeric epithet of '*blameless*,' might with less impropriety be applied. The son who ventures to lay before the world a life of his father, undertakes a delicate task, but it is one which the present author has executed in a manner that must give pleasure to every reader. He has never suffered the prejudices of affection, and the high reverence which he justly entertains for his distinguished parent, to interfere with the sacred obligation imposed upon him by truth, while the filial affection which marks every page of the work, gives to the reader of sensibility, a secret charm, which would induce him to make ready allowance for greater exaggerations than those in which Mr. Percival has indulged. The few extracts with which we shall conclude this article, will bear evidence of the truth of our observation, and at the same time supersede the necessity of that encomium, which the purity and elegance of the writer's style would otherwise demand at our hands.

'It might justly be observed of the subject of this memoir, that the attributes of the philosopher belonged not more properly to the writer than to the man; and that he ceased not to aim at the highest dignity of human virtue, by conforming his habitual sentiments to the dictates of enlightened reason; "το φρονειν μονον αγαθον, το δ' αφρονειν κακον." So habitually temperate and measured was his conduct, that, in truth, the course of a long career furnished scarcely any of those personal incidents in which vulgar curiosity is apt to delight. The embarrassments occasioned by the over-ruling influence of particular propensities, by the obstinacy of pride, or the frolics of vanity, found no place in the even tenor of a life devoted to the service of learning and philanthropy; a life, which exemplified at once the energy and the value of those speculative principles which philosophers have often vainly endeavoured to realize. The reader therefore, who is acquainted with these attributes of Dr. Percival's character, may recognize both in his correspondence and more finish-

ed writings the essential features of his disposition. The same upright and benevolent spirit, the same candour of sentiment and urbanity of manner, the same ardour for improvement and zeal for the cause of truth, were discernible alike in the productions of his pen and the conduct of his life. The exterior appendages to which the writer just quoted refers, hardly served to embellish, much less to exalt, the real dignity of his nature. So that the removal of the veil which sometimes conceals, even in great minds, a contrariety of sentiment and conduct, could in this instance disclose nothing which was not already manifest. *Ne famam quidem, cui etiam sæpe boni indulgent, ostentanda virtute, aut per artem quæsivit;—procul æmulatione adversus collegas.*'

'The preceding account of Dr. Percival's literary life has anticipated any formal delination of his moral and intellectual character. Had not the circumstances, indeed, which are there imperfectly recorded, served to exhibit the features of his mind and conduct in their real form, the writer would have declined a task, too arduous and too delicate for the attempt of an avowedly partial biographer. Supported, however, by the testimonies of public and private virtue, which that narrative contains, he may venture, diffidently, to add a few general observations, requisite to complete the purpose he has undertaken.

'It may be remarked, that the most valuable gift of nature, a clear and vigorous understanding, with all its faculties alike fitted for exertion, was eminently possessed by the subject of this memoir. Fortunately for his intellectual improvement, and perhaps still more so for his happiness, the powers of his mind seemed to be endued with that exact proportion of relative strength, which experience has evinced to be at the same time most favourable to the enlargement of the whole, and best adapted to the cultivation of science and virtue. His education, conducted in great measure by his own discretion, corresponded with the speculative opinions which he afterwards taught; and by suffering no one of his talents to remain unimproved, nor any important branch of knowledge to pass unnoticed, formed his mind for liberal and comprehensive thought. The fortune of his birth too, while it furnished sufficiently the means and the ambition of intellectual culture, kept his views steadily directed to the attainment of useful science. So that nature and education conspired to furnish him with that habitual energy of thought and conduct, which, when controuled, as in him by the influence of a temperate judgment, invariably conduces to the benefit of mankind.—Simplicity of thought, and consistency of opinion, also strongly characterised his mind; while the variety of his acquisitions combined with the due vigour of his faculties to preserve him from the bias of any particular habits of mental application. Dr. Percival's moral qualities, it may be added, displayed the like character of suitable and consistent energy; "so happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds."

'In the judgment of those who were well acquainted with his conduct, it would appear, I am persuaded, no easy matter, to describe in terms too lively or unqualified, the singular purity and inflexible rectitude of his nature. A constant command over the powers of his judgment, and a most perfect controul over all his passions, acquired by unremitting pains, seemed to qualify him for the habitual exercise of virtue, throughout the multiplied relations of his life. "Possessing within himself," to use the language of a 'great writer;" a salient living principle of generous and manly action," his conduct was directed implicitly by the rule of his moral judgment, and conformed more perfectly with the standard of intrinsic excellence than is commonly observed even among the most virtuous of mankind. This independence of principle too appeared manifest in that dignity of exterior deportment, which, without effort or affectation, he invariably preserved. Yet so eminent, at the same time, was the gentleness and the suavity of his temper, that those who were unacquainted with the nobler and rarer virtues which he possessed, readily paid the tribute of respect to these engaging qualities. "*Nihil metus in vultu; gratia oris supererat; bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*" Perhaps it has hardly ever happened, that nature and self-government have so happily conspired, as to form a character more consistent in its parts, more amiable in its energies, or more just and rational in its conduct.'

ART. XVII.—*All the Blocks! or, an Antidote to All the Talents, a Satirical Poem, in Three Dialogues. By Flagellum.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Leigh. 1807.

THIS is a very spirited production. Mr. Flagellum appears to have borrowed the scourge of Juvenal, with which he penetrates into the interior of the present cabinet, and lays about him with no common severity and force. From the premier to the subaltern not one escapes his blows; and we believe that the corporal chastisement which he inflicts, is such as they will long feel, and such as the poetic cataplasms which are contained in All the Talents will not cure. The passionate vengeance of Mr. Flagellum is in vain attempted to be mitigated by the exculpatory interposition of Mr. Malagma, who performs the second part in the dialogue. The Duke of Portland is treated with little ceremony; and indeed rather roughly handled; as if the poet imagined that his grace's brains were formed of a material as dense as the stone which bears his name. The pangs of correction which he has received on the right and on the left, in the van and in the rear, from the unsparing attacks of Mr. Flagellum will not, we hope, render his grace unfit to take his seat at the coun-

cil board, or to set the aged men of the country a shining example of continence in the eve of life. We who feel of how much importance the state of his grace's sensations is to the welfare of the country are truly anxious lest the enfuriated tones with which his antiquated ears have been assailed by the present satyrist should not render them imperious to the melting or inspiring harmonies of a Billington and a Catalini.

Mr. Malagma requests the poet to give the batch of new ministers a fair trial before he proceeds to their condemnation; but Flagellum replies in this vigorous and animated strain:

> 'Trial! By heaven! we've tried 'em o'er and o'er,
> And found them every thing but sterling lore.
> Ah! can my country stand the dreadful shock,
> Of this old weather-beaten porous block;
> This crazy stone, new daub'd with M—lv—lle paste,
> Propped up for th' exigence of state in haste;
> With pillars rotten, and at core so craz'd,
> They soon must drop the fabric they have rais'd
> And by one universal crash display
> The downfall of this structure of a day!
> Ah, vet'ran Portl—nd! I must tell the truth—
> Thy jaws, bereft of ev'ry useful tooth,
> Should now have left the public weal alone,
> Instead of nibbling at so tough a bone.
> We ask, in vigour, what thy sense hath done?—
> No radiance gleam'd like Gr—nv—lle's dazzling sun:
> With thee, bright Genius never was awake;
> But left thy mind one gloomy scene opake.
> And yet we now are told, on thee to look,
> For mind acute, Napoleon's schemes to check,
> And break of Talleyrand the crooked neck;
> 'Gainst subtle art, deep policy oppose,
> And lead this brace of monsters by the nose.
> Thy hand—of pow'r the balance now must raise—
> Restore to groaning Europe halcyon days:
> That nerveless grasp the razor keen must wield,
> Shave France, in spite of Machi'vellian shield;
> Bleed her proboscis; lop each monstrous fungus,
> And clear away republican mundungus.'

Flagellum's opinion of a certain lord, whose patriotic admonitions, notwithstanding his late erasure from the privy council, are still supposed to find their way to the ear of the sovereign, seem to be in consonance with the resolutions of the House of Commons, and the general creed of the country.

> 'Him, the state alchymist, who can surpass
> All tribes—to gold transmuting native brass:

Or *vice versa*, when of law afraid,
As easily in brass can be array'd,
This Northern juggler, give old Nick his due,
Hath, as the *fiddle*, been to Scotia true;
Rais'd from its dirty state, the booing tribe,
Whose, *Wha wants me?* was a sufficient bribe.
For, as to conscience, if it chance to cry,
The brat is strangled in its infancy;
Or charm'd with lullaby of nasal tone—
Soul-soothing pathos of the bagpipe's drone.'

Flagellum tells us that THE BLOCKS have evinced singular felicity in selecting the materials for the construction of the cabinet. And this we can hardly doubt when we consider that, in the person of the first lord of the treasury, we have a veteran in chastity; in the chancellor of the exchequer an adept in the sinuosities of law; in the minister for foreign affairs, a sage who can speak no language but his own; in the first lord of the admiralty a man who can say *to the left, wheel*, or, *to the right, face*; and a lord high chancellor, whose scruples of conscience suffer no procrastinations of equity in his court. In the hands of such a *junto*, can the country be otherwise than safe? While then this fortunate island continues to be administered by THE BLOCKS, the veterans of Buonaparte, though drawn up in martial array on the opposite coast, and ready for embarkation, can be regarded only as men of straw, or like the stuffed pageants that are sometimes seated in a mourning coach. All the Blocks, having, under cover of the throne, completely divested the cabinet of all the Talents, which were lately the possessors, the people cannot but rest securely under the counterscarps and bastions of their impenetrable sculls.

Mr. Flagellum seems to have a great and well-merited predilection for a certain judge in equity; and whom he thus tenderly greets with the effusion of his honeyed praise.

— 'So come forth, pensive *woolsack*, legal clay,
Giant refresh'd! the ling'ring law's delay!
The Chanc'rys' dray-cart! Drone of Lincoln's Inn—
The tight-cork bottle of its endless bin!
Since vain's the keenest search we may pursue:
An E—d—n's sapience blunts the keenest screw.
Once more the raven croaks—fell bird of fate! —
No cause decided—masters arbitrate: —
Sly *ruse*, by which the judge his conscience eases,
Referring judgment wheresoe'er he pleases.
None listen, prithee, to his studied rant,
His vows, his eye-drops, hyperbolic cant:

So fearful of infringing justice' laws—
So rooted to uphold the suppliant's cause—
That, wav'ring o'er the burthen of his song,
In striving to do right, he oft does wrong.'—

The mental and moral excellencies of Lord H—k—y, are characterized with no less vivacity and truth. We could wish that the author had in some instances exhibited less negligence of versification; but he is evidently a satirist of no vulgar cast, and we believe that the Blocks, with all their induration of effrontery and vacuity of sense, will not be insensible to the smart of his poetic castigations.

ART. XVII.—*Dialogues on various Subjects. By the late William Gilpin, A. M. Published by the Trustees for the Benefit of his School at Boldre.* 8vo. Cadell. 1806.

THE late Mr. Gilpin was, on the whole, an easy, perspicuous, and pleasing writer. His mind was not much enlarged by science or philosophy, but he possessed a certain delicacy of taste in discriminating the beauties of nature and of art, which seems to have been transferred to his sensations of moral virtue, and to have refined and improved his perceptions of good and evil. The culture of the arts, where it does not unfortunately degenerate into a voluptuous sensuality, is favourable to the culture of the heart. A taste for the beauties of nature or of art may be accompanied with criminal propensities or vitiated habits; but that connection must be rather fortuitous or temporary than permanent or real; for the natural tendencies of such a taste are to heighten all the moral sensibilities of man. The moral notions of Mr. Gilpin were evidently purified and corrected by the sensitive quickness with which he could discern and appreciate the beauties of nature and of art; the purity of his life was in unison with the elegance of his pursuits; and his devotion to the arts only served to exalt his feelings of reverence for the great Artist of the universe.

These dialogues consist of fourteen; principally on moral and religious subjects. The religious dialogues might perhaps without any detriment have been omitted, or the subjects themselves might have been better treated in so many essays or dissertations. Indeed we are not in general friends to discussions conducted in the form of dialogue, which are seldom animated or instructive. They frequently serve only to confound the ideas of truth; and instead of impressing conviction, often leave us doubtful on which side the proponderance of proof lies, or what opinion the author himself

intended to establish. The great use of dialogue is to heighten the interest by giving a sort of dramatic air to the performance; but this end cannot be obtained without felicity in the invention, associated incidents, a sort of piquant vivacity and a well supported character in the speakers, and quick and easy transitions in the conversation. These are excellences however which we seldom find except in the compositions of Lucian; and it is indeed of a style of writing which seems better suited to the exposure of folly or of vice, than to the analysis of virtue or the establishment of truth. But a dialogue, even if it had a dramatic air, a tragic seriousness, or a comic levity would form no very proper vehicle for religious instruction; for the genuine truths of religion rejecting the aid of fiction are best recommended by their own native lustre and importance.

Mr. Gilpin appears to have been what is commonly styled an orthodox divine, but without any of that bitterness or intolerance, which so often disgraces the reputed orthodoxy of the present day. And, as with us, the most pernicious species of heresy is a want of charity, we are willing to bestow every praise on that orthodoxy of Mr. Gilpin, which consisted in benevolence and moderation. We hold no man to be the better for believing what he does not understand. That belief which is confined to ideal nothings, to airy phantasms and speculative imaginations, though it may be reputed orthodox, is, in fact, both pernicious and absurd. As far as religious belief is connected with practical morality, it never deviates from sober reason, and from common sense.

In the dialogue on education, which passes between archbishop Tenison and Lord Somers, Mr. Gilpin discusses the peculiar excellences and defects of public and of private education; and, as often happens on such occasions, the parties conclude, with a sort of compromise, on the superiority of a system, which should include the advantages of both. We pass without any particular notice, the theological dialogues of Mr. Gilpin, in which some tenets are supported which we cannot approve; but as they are not mingled with intolerance we shall not impugn them with any severity of criticism. The dialogue on the advantages of a town and country life may be read with pleasure and improvement. The result is that London furnishes more aliment for the intellect, and the country for the affections; that in the former there are more temptations to impiety and vice; and that one inflames the passions, while the other operates more favourably on all the better sympathies of the heart.

In the dialogue on duelling, the immorality and folly of the practice are properly exposed. The following anecdote

may perhaps serve to show the absurdity of the practice better than the most serious argumentation.

'The brave Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, was a large heavy man, and was challenged by a thin, active French officer. 'We are not upon equal terms with rapiers,' said Van Tromp; 'but call on me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better.' When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder; 'There is room enough for you,' said Van Tromp, 'at the other end of the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and as you were the challenger, give fire.' The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight in no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.'

In the dialogue on 'the Instructions to a young Man intended for holy Orders,' Mr. Gilpin, we think very properly, puts the following remarks into the mouth of Bishop Wilson.

'The doctrines of the church of England will always be found best in the doctrines of scripture.' 'I should not wish him (the student for orders) to read either Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles, or Pearson on the Creed; or any other book, as if he were going there for his religion. I should never wish him to have the idea of going any where for his religion, but to the scriptures themselves; and indeed I think that some of my brethren lay too much stress on these books in their ordinations. I fear it may have sometimes a tendency to impress their young candidates with an idea that the doctrines of the church of England and the doctrines of the scripture are two things.'

In the dialogue on the Polite Arts, which is carried on between Lord Burleigh and Sir Philip Sydney, we had expected to meet with more depth of discussion, solidity of reasoning, and sagacity of remark; but we found little more than a variety of trite and common-place observations, which can neither interest nor instruct. Indeed the mind of Mr. Gilpin was not fitted either by its inherent strength, or its comprehensive views, for philosophical disquisition; and there are few artists who can analyse the nature of the arts, who can generalize their results, and exhibit their moral and political effects. Mr. Gilpin was a writer whose conceptions were not wont to soar above the horizon of mediocrity, and that mediocrity is very visible in every page of the present performance; which will, we hope, add to the funds of the charity, for the benefit of which it is published, but it will certainly make no addition to the lustre of his fame.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 19.—*Moral Maxims, from the Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus. Selected by a Lady.* 12mo. Harris. 1807.

THE book of Wisdom is inferior to none in the Old Testament in depth and solidity of moral observation. It serves indeed as a proper point of connection between the morality of the Old Testament and the New. It generally surpasses the first, and it approaches very near to the second in purity and perfection. The writer, whoever he was, seems attentively to have read the nature of man and the moral government of God. His reflections and precepts are derived not from a casual glance, but a comprehensive survey of the natural and the moral world, of the present bearings and tendencies of human actions, and of the providential arrangements of God. Instead of a partial extract from such a book, we wish that the fair editor had re-published the whole in a volume, of the same size as the present, but in a smaller type. A new translation of the Wisdom from the most approved text of the original, and with notes to shew the resemblance and connection between the morality which it teaches and that of the New Testament, would be a valuable acquisition.

ART. 20.—*Essays on moral and religious Subjects; calculated to increase the Love of God, and the Growth of Virtue in the youthful Mind. By M. Pelham.* 12mo. 3s. Harris. 1807.

THESE essays seem the production of a pious mind, and are not defective in instruction; but the diction and the sentiments are occasionally imbued with those theological peculiarities, which are so much in use among the methodists, and the influence of which, as far as we have been capable of judging, is never benign and salutary, either with respect to the conduct or the heart. In some of her observations on the Christian sabbath, this lady seems to mistake the nature and design of the institution. It was the first day of rejoicing which the church ever experienced, and it ought to be observed by us with thanksgiving and with joy. To cover it with the crape of pharisaic austerities and restrictions, is to sin against the end of the ordinance, and to malign the true spirit of the christian doctrine. M. Pelham, we are convinced, means well; and we should be sorry to see an understanding like hers, vitiated and perverted by the sophistry of a sect, the increase of which is a satire on good sense, and a melancholy proof of the still-prevail

ing credulity and ignorance. The fair authoress has in her title-page quoted a sentence from the writings of Mr. Fellowes, and we cannot but recommend it to her, to read with attention that gentleman's Guide to Immortality, from which she will be able clearly to discern the true scope and genius of the christian doctrine.

ART. 21.—*Considerations on the Danger of the Church.* Ostell. 1807.

THE sentiments of this writer are mild and tolerant, and his views of the state of religion, and of the different sects of christians in this country, far from injudicious or illiberal. He evinces no small degree of charity towards every denomination of believers; and he thinks that no danger either to the church or to the state is to be apprehended from any sect but that of the methodists. The methodists are certainly the most mischievous and the most formidable of all sects; they have even less tolerance and charity than the catholics; and the voice of reason seems in vain to combat the bristly rank and file of their numerous delusions.

ART. 22.—*The Substance of a Sermon on serving God acceptably; preached at the Chapel in Keppel Street, Bedford Square, on the Day appointed for a Public Fast. By John Martin.* 8vo. Gardiner. 1807.

WE poor reviewers are generally thought to be men of strong and hungry stomachs; and lucky would it be for us to have the assertion true, when we are doomed to peruse not only the page of dulness, but the cant of methodism, and the jargon of hypocrisy. Our nausea is then so forcibly excited, that we are obliged to take no small quantity of *vomifuge*, a preparation which renders us almost unfit for criticism during the remainder of the day.

This author's contemptible notions of acceptance, and his fulsome panegyric on that conceited sperm of spiritual pride, called the 'Temple of Truth,' so disordered the organic motions of our stomach, that we had recourse to a double dose of the *vomifuge*, in order to repel the emetic tendencies of the book.

POLITICS.

ART. 23.—*A Letter to the Right Honorable Charles Abbott, Speaker of the House of Commons in the late Parliament. By a Member of that Parliament.* 1*s.* Wilson.

THE present pamphlet is written with an affected moderation; but we discover in the composition much futility of argument, and more bitterness of heart. In one or two of their measures the author has the modesty to allow some degree of merit to the late ministers, but he is evidently the partizan of Mr. Perceval and his associates. The writer directly charges the late ministers and the opposers of the present, with an unprincipled malignity, a sordid selfish-

ness, and all the base and corrosive passions of little minds. 'Conviction,' says he, 'of its own imbecility,' speaking of the present opposition, 'may, perhaps in time moderate the inveteracy of malice; mortified ambition may be content to conceal in silence that anguish with which no good or generous mind can sympathize; the excruciating corrosions of envy may soften into sentiments, if not more virtuous, yet still less painful of a settled and determined hatred; and the fœtid effervescence of this sour, foul and filthy fermentation of mean, illiberal, dark and despicable passions, the flux and impurities of a festering and cankered heart, the source of all that contaminates or corrupts the human mind, may at length subside into a tasteless, vapid, and innoxious insipidity, retaining still all its natural propensities to ill, but restrained from evil by want of power and energy." P. 29, 30. We shall not stay to analyse the above sentence in order to shew the bad taste, falsehood, ignorance and malice which it contains. The character of the late ministry, their intellectual ability, their patriotic exertions and their moral worth may for ever defy such impotent slanders and such contemptible hostility.

ART. 24.—*Thoughts on the Catholic Question.* Hatchard. 1807.

'IT has been a popular assertion of late years,' says the writer of this pamphlet, 'that the religion of every man concerns only himself; that it is a matter between God and his own conscience only, &c.'—'A more false assertion,' continues he, 'has scarcely been attempted to be imposed on mankind." Now we who have been educated in the school of Locke, must recommend this writer to peruse his Tracts on Toleration, and if the folds of his brain be not as impenetrable to conviction as the pages of his book, he will see as clearly as ever eye beheld the meridian sun, that truth, and nothing but truth, is contained in the proposition, which he calumniates and denies. A man's religious opinions and his civil conduct are very different things; the former are only his own concern; the latter is subject to the cognizance of other men. The author thinks that, if the Catholics were invested in the rights and privileges which they claim, they would in Ireland soon subvert the Protestant establishment, or elevate their own tenets into the established religion of the state. We are, we confess, under no such apprehensions; nor do we think that an improbable, a distant and contingent evil ought to deter us from making those concessions which policy, which justice and humanity require.

ART. 25.—*Plain Facts; or the new Ministry convicted by their own Deeds. To which is subjoined a Letter by Lord Grenville.* 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

MR. Pitt's act of 1804, in favour of foreign papists, which was passed while all the members of the present administration were in power, gave to such papists the right of entering into the English army without any restriction in their number, or the exac-

tion from them of any oath, except such as might be directed by his majesty. But these very men, who manifested so much regard for, and so much confidence in foreign papists, seem to imagine that the liberties of Britain are unsafe in the hands of Catholics and Dissenters of English, of Scotch and of Irish growth. Such is the virtue and consistency of those who are at this moment entrusted with the destiny of the British empire.

ART. 26.—*A short Account of a late Administration.* 6*d.* Ridgway. 1807.

THIS writer briefly but truly enumerates the merits of the late administration. It is well remarked that in the prosecution of their wise and salutary measures, the late ministers had to contend with an opposition of a peculiar character. Parliament exhibited the novel and extraordinary spectacle of ministers, required and refusing to arm the executive with powers beyond the law; and of an opposition, invariably resisting every thing like concession and indulgence to the subject, and maintaining on all occasions, the prerogative of the crown against the rights of the people. Most of them were already placemen, pensioners, or reversionaries.

NOVELS.

ART. 27.- *But Which? or domestic Grievances of the Wolmore Family. By the Author of Leopold.* 2 *Vols.* Bentley 1807.

SIR Roland Wolmore is the protector of a boy and girl, from their infancy to years of discretion. He is convinced from circumstances here too tedious to relate that one of them derives a being from himself. The natural question, *But Which?* i. e. which is his own child, is impressed into the service of the title page for the purpose of communicating to readers the same degree of curiosity which was felt by Sir Roland. It is at best a foolish title page, and savours so much of affectation, that we were by no means prepared for the scenes of humour and distress which succeed each other in such agreeable interchange. These scenes are so truly domestic, and in some parts culinary, that we have no hesitation in believing ourselves indebted to a lady for the pleasure afforded us by this novel. The guarded delicacy prevalent in every part sanctions this belief: and the species of wit, which no more resembles that of our gross countrymen than sparkling champaigne resembles ale, from its sprightliness and volatility, converts our belief into certainty.

Uncle Isaac we think to have derived his origin from uncle Toby. The same simplicity, natural politeness and benignity, uncultivated by much education, are the traits of both. But either the author mistook the character of the perfect original, or from a necessity of introducing something by way of variation, intentionally did violence to it. Several attempts to introduce clownish and imperfect language into novels have been made. Sometimes a sentimental black servant talks of "*Massa me no hurt you*," or a clown uses

a double negative: the attempt however even for a page is disgusting; but if it be so for a single page, the author has erred grievously in making a principal and most worthy character talk bad English through two volumes. We have no hesitation in recommending the writer to abstain from this and all other liberties, from a perfect conviction that the mind which planned and executed this little work, has resources sufficient in itself without offering violence to the strictest propriety of language.

One trifling oversight occurred to us at the end. Young Charles is made to return from transportation in 1802. At the conclusion of the year 1806, or beginning of the present year, we are told that, '*He lived to reach old age, but lived to little purpose.*'

ART. 28.—*The Mysterious Wanderer. In three Volumes. By Sophia Reeve.* Richardson *and* Son. 1807.

'I AM aware,' says our fair writer in her advertisement, 'that my story has many imperfections; but it being a first essay, and having been written solely for my own amusement, during a winter season, will plead with a liberal public, to soften the severity of criticism. The publication is attributed to the 'partial wishes of a few friends.' To the wishes of those friends who have the happiness of advising the author of the Mysterious Wanderer, we take the liberty of joining our own, that many winters may be passed in writing many tales of equal value with the present. The most prominent error that occurred to us, appeared to arise rather from an exuberance, than want of fancy, which enabled the writer to introduce so many episodes, that the main light becomes in some instances overpowered by the glare of detached parts.

ART. 29.—*Tales of Instruction and Amusement. Written for the Use of young Persons.* 12*mo.* 3s. 6d. Harris. 1807.

MOST of these tales are both amusing and edifying; they inculcate a pure and rational morality, which tends to tranquillize the turbulent interior of the heart, and is accommodated to the familiar and diurnal occurrences of life. Morality is not only a matter of sabbatical reflection, but an every day concern. Its duties, which are very various and are parts of one and the same consistent whole, deserve our regard, even on the score of prudential considerations, and much more on that of religious expectation from the beginning of youth to the extremity of age. The amiable writer of these tales seems deeply impressed with the importance of that morality which attaches itself not only to great things but to small, which comprehends the most apparently trivial minutiæ of duty, and enforces a continual watchfulness over the fleeting sensations of the breast, as well as the important actions of the life. Even not only the more heinous but the more venial offences are rightly considered as matters of importance in the moral estimate of Miss Mitchell; and she illustrates their effects in an appropriate tale.

ART. 30.—*The Calendar; or Monthly Recreations: chiefly consisting of Dialogues, between an Aunt and her Nieces; designed to inspire the juvenile Mind with a Love of Virtue, and the Study of Nature. By Mrs. Pilkington.* 12mo. 3s. 6d. Harris. 1807.

WE do not think that children can be too soon taught to admire the beauties of nature, or to discriminate the variety of her animal and vegetable productions. Such knowledge must tend to make devout impressions on the heart, and lay the foundation for a rational and enlightened piety. The diversified appearances of nature, the revolutions of the seasons, the rise, growth, maturation, and decay of the several plants, fruits, and flowers, with the changes that happen at different periods of the year in the animal creation, constitute a mass of information, a reasonable portion of which may be agreeably communicated in a calendar of the months. This task was first achieved by Dr. Aikin, to whom the cause of literature is under numerous obligations. In the present performance, Mrs. Pilkington has refined on the plan of Dr. Aikin, by moulding it into the form of a dialogue, and connecting it with a sort of novel story, which had better have been omitted. We do not say that fiction ought never to be employed as the vehicle of truth; but we must assert that in the instance before us, the story tends rather to impede than to assist the communication of that knowledge, which it is the proper object of such a calendar to impart.

MEDICINE.

ART. 31.—*A comparative Sketch of the Effects of Variolous and Vaccine Inoculation, being an Enumeration of Facts not generally known or considered, but which will enable the Public to form its own Judgment on the probable Importance of the Jennerian Discovery. By Thomas Pruen.* 8vo. Phillips. 1807.

THOUGH the facts on the subject of vaccination are not very numerous, and might certainly be so compressed as to be readily presented to the mind under a single point of view, yet the writings on the subject have been so many, that those who wish for information must feel no small difficulty in selecting from the mass, what is most to their purpose. Mr. Pruen therefore has arranged the subject under several heads, comprehending the points of the greatest importance, and in enumerating the facts and opinions on each head has cited his authority at the end of the paragraph. Those therefore, who are desirous of being furnished with a very complete set of references to the works, which have been published on a most interesting subject, will do well to purchase Mr. Pruen's book; and as this method likewise causes all the principal facts to pass in review, it is very well adapted to that class of readers, who wish to be masters of the argument, without wanting to acquire the critical skill necessary to the practice of the art. We wish however that Mr. Pruen had acted less of the partizan, and had not ap-

peared desirous to throw entirely into the back ground the facts adverse to the cause he espouses. That cause had no need to fear the discovery of the truth, and the *whole truth*. That vaccination is the greatest blessing that has been bestowed upon mankind, is our firm opinion: that it is not a perfect blessing, we believe its warmest advocates must allow. Such indeed is the nature of human arts; and it would be indeed miraculous if this were exempted from the common lot.

ART. 32—*Observations on the Application of Lunar Caustic to Strictures in the Urethra and Œsophagus. By M. W. Andrews, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; late Army Surgeon, and now Physician at Madeira.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Callow. 1807.

WHEN poor Mr. Whately wrote a book against the method of treating strictures of the urethra recommended by many of the old surgeons, afterwards taken up by John Hunter, and latterly practised to a great extent by Mr. Home, the latter gentleman did not deign to take the smallest notice of his criticisms. This was certainly mortifying, but there is an aristocracy in surgery, as well as in civil life, and to enter into a paper contest, as well as to fight a duel, there must be something like state of equality between the parties. This condition we suppose the brother-in-law of Mr. Hunter disdained to acknowledge. Mr. Whately was, it seems, too mean a competitor for him to enter the lists with. He exclaimed,

Aprum opto aut flavum descendere monte leonem.

Accordingly, when the great surgeon of Edinburgh, Mr. Benjamin Bell, took the field, the doughty brother-in-law of Mr. Hunter, (we speak *honoris gratia*, it appearing to be the title on which Mr. Home chiefly plumes himself) did not refuse to break a lance with him. Our present doctor seems to consider himself with regard to Mr. Whately, nearly in the same situation as the latter was regarded by Mr. Home; and we believe if Mr. W. can feel any gratification from the disappointment of an antagonist, it will be obtained by imitating the dignity of Mr. Home's contemptuous silence. If we do not minutely enter into the doctor's performance, we find our excuse in his own words: 'I do not propose,' he says, 'to offer any thing new in these observations.' We have found the acknowledgment to be perfectly just. He has added, likewise, in defence of Mr. Home's silence, that the result of his practice is already in the hands of a candid public, who are sufficiently capable of appreciating its merits. To this we give our hearty assent, and do not think that the doctor's cases and argument throw any additional light on the subject.

We should have thought that the present disputant's title of M. D. (the progressive advancement to which he has so punctually recorded in his title-page) would have prevented him from standing forth as a principal in such a controversy. Esop has related, that Venus, to gratify the wishes of a fantastical lover, changed a favour-

ite cat into a fine lady. Unfortunately, during the raptures of the first night, a mouse happened to scratch behind the wainscot, and the new-born beauty, forgetful of her humanity, instantly leaped from the arms of her lover, in pursuit of her old game. Venus, in a rage, changed her again into a cat. Let Dr. Andrews beware; lest Apollo, indignant at his slighted honours, should be tempted to un-dub him, should snatch his sacred pen from his hand, and condemn him for ever to the use of the bougie.

POETRY.

ART. 33.—*The Goodness of God, a Poem: to which are added Pious Meditations, with important Considerations, and Advice to the young unmarried Man and Woman. By William Nevile Hart, formerly a Captain in his Majesty's 79th Regiment.* 12mo. Jones.

AFTER having run the round of vicious dissipation, Mr. Hart appears to have lately devoted his thoughts to more serious pursuits and speculations. We say not this from any personal acquaintance with the author, but merely from some intimations which are scattered in his poem. Thus in p. 48, he talks of himself, as one,

> 'Who long has borne sin's shackles, but who now
> Eas'd from the pressure of their deadly weight,
> Seeks from the healing hand of God his cure.'

And in his preface, he says, 'Young as I am in a life of religion, yet, even now, dare I to the world avow, that there is attendant on the fixed resolve of obeying God's commandments, a sensation far superior to all that was ever felt by a light mind in the flush of festivity, or amidst the triumph of wit.' Through the whole of Mr. Hart's poem, this conviction is very sensibly impressed; a placid but deep-tinged current of devotional feeling seems to pervade his soul. His blank verse often reminds us of the manner of Young, of which it is no unsuccessful imitation; and here and there, some of Young's antitheses and conceits sparkle in his lines.

Some of the passages in the poem on the Goodness of God, are not badly executed, though, according to our notions, blank verse rarely possesses the qualities which interest and please. Unless when managed by a master in the art, it has a prosaic flatness, which wants the relief of rhyme. Let us see how Mr. Hart has learned his Parnassian steed of rhymeless fame to curvet and prance along the church-side path of religious meditation.

> 'From the last throbbings of the guilty soul,
> Let fancy waft me to the bed of pain,
> Where lays the good, believing, holy man:
> Death stands in view before him, but disarm'd
> Of all his terrors; thrown aside his dart,
> He grasps a glass, (the sand still gliding through,

But nearly run, to which with steady poise,
His finger points) whilst, in a soften'd tone
He whispers "Come!" and smiles to find, that he,
So oft the terror and the scourge of man,
Now looks on one, who hails him as his friend,
His hope, his comfort, and his guide to God.'

Young often blends together a mass of discordant similies and incongruous imagery, which serve rather to weaken and obscure, than to elucidate and enforce the important truths which he wishes to impress. We much doubt whether any object can be assimilated to two dissimilar things, at the same time, without diluting the strength of both, and producing the feeling of unfitness in the application. As far as *visible resemblance* is concerned, it is certain that no one object can, at the same time, be like two dissimilar things. What is this moment like a garden on land, cannot be also like a ship at sea; and to compare any thing in the same breath, to a garden and a ship, is to defy all *visible resemblance*. Things, indeed, which are unlike in their forms, may have a resemblance in their properties, but, as sensible impressions are the strongest, the visible resemblance is that which most interests and strikes. And as the ideal forms and combinations of the poet, ought, like those of the painter, to be regular, harmonious, and consistent, we doubt whether it be right, at least in a serious performance, to blend abstract resemblance with visible incongruity. We know that instances of the kind may be adduced from the greatest writers; but example alone will not justify a deviation from those principles of criticism, which may be deduced from the nature and operations of the human mind. A fancy which is rich, seems to delight in making a parade of its stores; and to astonish the beholder by the profusion of ornaments, of all qualities and species, which is contained in the casket of the brain. But taste is seen in the disposition of colours and forms which harmonize; and, even when we employ discordant materials, in arranging them so as to produce a beautiful and consistent whole.

The manner of Young, (we do not say his best manner) will be discerned in the following passages of Mr. Hart.

'If we consider well, this world below
Neither was meant, nor is a place of rest:
A *school* to teach us resignation's laws;
A nursery, in which we *shoot* and *branch*,
Our reason, *water'd* by the *dew of grace*,
Dress'd and *well-prun'd*, till God's all-fost'ring hand
Kindly transplants us into Paradise:
A ship, surrounded with tempestuous seas,
The sailors we, the great commander, God.
Scudding, with passions *reef'd*, o'er *shoals* of sin,
We reach at length the *haven* of our hopes,
And *cast the anchor* of eternal life.'

The metaphor is well preserved in the following, and the reader

will not fail to remark how much the consistency adds to the effect. We quote from the poem on the 'Goodness of God,' p. 28.

'One of the brightest gems that decks God's throne
Is charity: this jewel, such its rays,
Reflected upon earth, its lustre keeps,
And shines with all its native splendour here,
Though sometimes sully'd by the putrid breath
Of cold, unfeeling, avaricious men,
Yet soon restor'd, resumes its pristine hue,
Its wonted brightness. England! at thy hands,
Your stately piles, receptacles of woe,
Your hospitals, compassion's emblems dear;
Houses of refuge and asylums, built
To shelter innocence, and virtue guard,
Are cabinets well worthy such a gem.'

We shall say nothing of Mr. Hart's prayers in blank verse, as we prefer praying in plain prose; but we give him ample credit for purity and benevolence of design. Throughout his little volume there are marks of a religious seriousness and a devout sincerity which we cannot but commend; and we take our leave of the author with heartily wishing him every happiness which this world can afford.

ART. 34.—*St. Stephen's Chapel; a satirical Poem. By Horatius.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* Ridgway. 1807.

WE wish that the author of this poem, had defended the late administration in plain prose, instead of disgracing it by his vile and doggrel rhymes. The new ministers will despise the impotent shafts of his satire, and the old will not be delighted with the effusions of his praise. The writer, who, if we may judge from the opiate potency of his versification, is a master in the art of producing sleep, was in a certain incurably muzzy mood, when the Genius of Britain, as he tells us, appeared to his lethargic eyes. After this said genius had expatiated in a doleful strain on the perilous situation of the country, the author is conveyed either in a dream or a hackney coach to the chapel of St. Stephen's, where he is present at a warm debate which he details in very frigid verse.

'First of the band intrepid C-nn-ng stood,
In sporting language, quite a bit of blood.
Pitt ventured first to smooth his flying mane,
Taught him to champ the bit, and feel the rein,
Curb'd the proud sallies of his frolick youth,
And staunch'd the foaming of his ardent mouth.
Pitt once resolved, in some good natured freak,
To take young George and teach him how to speak,
Saw that the lad in flowery language ran,
And rashly said he'd make him a great man.

The pupil's will, indeed, was very hearty,
Yet Pitt made no great man—but Bonaparte.
Now like a stage-struck 'prentice, C-nn-ng starts,
And here and there each straining eye-ball darts,
Works the vast engine of his labouring wits,
Till all the house expect he'll drop in fits,
Then hard he strives to look a little wise,
And speaks, and stamps, and stares, and bawls, and thumps, and cries!
Ye gentle stars! in what absurd vagary
Did you make C-nn-ing Foreign Secretary?
When shall that young enthusiast learn the art
To act with prudence this exalted part?
Indeed I know no part which act he could—
Except, perhaps, Sylvester Daggerwood!'

This is as fair a specimen, as we could select, of the author's talents; and perhaps this will hardly be judged worthy of selection.

ART. 35.—*Anthologia; a Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. interspersed with Originals.* 12mo. Highley. 1807.

THOSE who have given to these pieces one perusal, will hardly deem them worthy of a second; and those by whom they have never been read, we, by no means, wish to subject themselves to the labour of reading such coarse and vitiated trash. The trifles in this collection which have appeared before, were little deserving of republication; and those which are said to be original, might, without any loss to the public, have been exempted from the pains of typographical parturition.

ART. 36.—*Poems, chiefly amatory. By David Carey, Author of the Pleasures of Nature, Reign of Fancy, &c.* 12mo. 5s. 6d. Blacklock. 1807.

MR. Carey has obtained some praise for a small volume of poems, which he published three years ago. That praise was meant as an encouragement, rather than a reward, as an incitement to a proper use of powers, which he appeared to possess rather than a tribute due to what he had already executed. We are sorry that it was misplaced, and that, instead of being animated 'to soar a bolder flight,' he has presumed on the commendations he received, so far as to empty the port-folio which he used at school, into the lap of the public.

We do not deny that many of these little poems are tolerably pretty; but there is no originality of thought, nor any one superior quality, that we can discover, to raise them above the generality of those compositions which dignify the latter pages of a magazine. The following are selected, not because they are the best where all

are so very nearly equal, but because they are the shortest, and, besides, perfectly fair specimens of all.

'I have a tale of love to tell,
Sweet maid! that would to pity move thee,
Of one who fain would say how well,
How long in secret he has lov'd thee.

'But that the tongue, or ere we part,
That strives to break its cruel ties,
Would fail to speak the bursting heart,
And bid thee read it in his eyes.'

THE REPULSE.

'One kiss you earnestly implore,
And I for this, dear youth! must fly thee:
That boon obtain'd, you'd ask for more,
And I, alas, could not deny thee.

'For short would be love's tender tie
That strives to bind thy heart in vain;
And then the hapless maid might sigh,
While thou would'st triumph in her pain.'

Without investing ourselves in all the plenitude of censorial dignity, we will merely add that, since Mr. C. thought fit to publish verses which might be liable to objections on the score of morality, he should have done it without a comment. But the very lame excuse which he makes in his preface only shews that he knew himself to stand in need of one, without altering the nature of his delinquency, except by the avowal of his consciousness. However, we assure our readers that, if they can withstand the seductiveness of his frontispiece, which stands forward in so impudent a manner in the bookseller's windows, they will run into no great danger from the inflammatory tendency of the verses, whatever disgust they may conceive at their grossness.

ART. 37.—*Gr—lle Agonistes, a Dramatic Poem.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

IF the heads or tails of ex-ministers have been hitherto *bomb-proof* against all the artillery which their antagonists have thundered against them, they will have nothing to fear from the present ill-directed squib.

ART. 38.—*The Moorland Bard, or poetical Recollections of a Weaver, in the Moorlands of Staffordshire, with Notes.* 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.*

MR. Bakewell, who, it appears, is the Moorland Weaver, lately published a work, entitled 'the Domestic Guide in Cases of Insanity,' and reviewed by us in September 1806. At that time

we considered him as a man of tolerable understanding, not at all aware that he was subject to fits: the volumes before us, however, verify the old adage, 'How much easier is it to preach than to practise.'

ART. 39.—*An Essay on Nature, by Henry Barwick, Officer of Excise, Stanstead, near Hertford, Herts.* 1*s.* 8*vo.* Kitton, Norwich. 1807.

IF we were to gauge this production by the standard of common-sense, or even with the instrument with which Mr. Barwick executes his office of exciseman, the consequences would be very fatal. We shall therefore in mercy forbear, and shall only ask the author, whether the following be intended as a compliment or a satire:

'So noble York, among his thickest foes,
Thus boldly fights, and base fear never knows;
With his sharp spurs impels his foaming horse,
And laughs at haughty Gallia's powerful force:
Vast honour gains, the ensanguin'd French defies,
With all their proud and skilful generals vies.' !!!

ART. 40.—*Psalms and Hymns selected from various Authors, with occasional Alterations, for the Use of a Parochial Church; to which are prefixed Considerations on Psalmody, as a Part of the Service of our Established Church. By a Country Clergyman.* 12*mo.* Rivingtons. 1807.

PAROCHIAL psalmody as it is generally practised in the established church, is far from producing that good effect among the congregation, of which the pious and the good conceive it fully capable. This does not arise so much from the badness of the musical composition, as from the disgusting dulness and botching of the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which is retained in but too many of our churches. The church of Rome in a great measure is indebted for its protracted existence to the effect of music; and the methodists, we are convinced, derive their principal success from the same cause, only in a different way. The selection at present under our review, is very judicious, and is executed, as a good selection ought to be, by extracting the best lines of the same psalm, from various translations, and making occasional alterations, so as to form a pleasing whole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 41.—*An Essay on the Study of Statistics, containing a Syllabus for Lectures, and intended to assist the Inquiries of inexperienced Travellers. By D. Boileau.* 12*mo.* Colburn. 1807.

WERE the proprietors of the 'Royal Institution' to appoint a lecturer on statistics for the improvement of their junior subscri-

bers, they would confer upon them a more signal benefit, than any they can possibly derive from dry botanical lectures. Mr. Boileau, who is a German, has presented to the public a syllabus of lectures, which we suppose he intends to deliver at his own house; and as he tells us his pronunciation is not unintelligible, we have no doubt he will meet with encouragement. His work, as a writer of the English language, is not only free from any Germanic improprieties, but is superior to the style of the generality of native modern Englishmen.

ART. 42.—*Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, in the History of the Widow Placid and her Daughter Rachel.* 12mo. Williams *and* Smith. 1807.

MRS. Placid is a Quaker; and with the quaintness peculiar to the sect, gives good advice to such as make their lives wretched by affectation, and misapplied sensibility.

ART. 43.—*Letters, on the intellectual and moral Character of Women, &c. addressed to the Ladies of Great Britain.* 8vo. Longman. 1807.

WE possess no personal knowledge of the author of the present work; but from the way in which he is continually foisting the word '*Ladies*,' '*yes, Ladies*,' and '*no, Ladies*,' into his sentences, we should be led to conclude that he had previously served his apprenticeship to an haberdasher before he ventured on the difficult task of instructing the female sex in the knowledge of their duty. Should our conjecture be right, we would in all affection advise the author to return to his original calling of counting pins and needles, and measuring tape and lace *for the Ladies*, without reiterating the vain attempt of *serving them* in any other way. The author, p. 61, talks of '*the gallantry of Adam*;' whom, however, he does not much commend, for throwing the blame on his deluded wife; nor does he entirely acquit the wife of practising that undue influence over her mate, which has since been so successfully exerted by the daughters of Eve. In letters XXVII—XXX we have a marvellously fine tale of seduction; from the perusal of which however we are at a loss to discover what instruction the author designed that "*the Ladies*," should derive. Perhaps the courteous writer intended that it should, like a luminous beacon in the way of life, warn "*the Ladies*" of the danger of reclining on the soft luxury of a sofa, when they are left alone in a room with that monster, man.

This notable performance which "*is devoted to the improvement of the British fair*" is inscribed to the Dutchess of Gordon from whose encouragement and example the author anticipates the most salutary reformation in the sentiments and manners "*of the Ladies.*" The dedication is subscribed, W. Duff.

ART. 43.—*An Abridgment of the Roman History, from the Foundation of the City of Rome to the Dissolution of the Western Empire; written on a Plan calculated to assist the Memory. By Sophia F. Ziegenhirt, Author of the Epitome of the History of England.* 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 16*s.* Hatchard. 1807.

EVERY day brings out new projects of education; and had every project been an improvement, we are apprehensive that our faculties would have been oppressed by the blaze of light poured out upon them. But here too, in our extreme haste to get forward, we are apt to trip, and so to lose more time than if we had followed the beaten track at the regular jog-trot pace. Far be it from us, however, to say, that Miss Ziegenhirt's *new plan* is at all calculated to do mischief. No—simple and inoffensive absurdity is we think, its proper characteristic. But let the reader judge for himself, of the plan calculated to assist the memory.

Know then, gentle reader, that the lady's most ingenious and most profound device is to omit, in each page of her history, a certain number of the proper names; at certain convenient intervals tables are given, in which these names are regularly set down, and —— this is *a plan calculated to assist the memory.*

It may be a little amusing to see a single sentence in this form. We will give one taken at random, p. 188 and 189. It will serve at the same time for a specimen of the execution of the work.—"A—— was making the greatest expedition in his power to join his brother; but by the treachery of his guides, who deserted him in the night near the river M——, and not daring to ford it till day-light, the consuls came up with him. Himself and his whole army were surrounded in a place where there was no escape, and were all cut to pieces. A—— was slain, and his head cut off, by order of the consul, and sent to the camp of his brother. Some prisoners of war were released upon condition they would convey the intelligence of his defeat to H——; who, when the fatal tidings reached him, exclaimed, in a transport of grief, "O C——! unhappy C——! I am now sinking under the pressure of thy fate."

By consulting the appropriate columns we learn that the deficient words are in page 188, Asdrubal, Metaurus; and in page 189, Asdrubal, Hannibal, Carthage, Carthage. The idea of these blank spaces the authoress lays claim to as being wholly her own: we shall be much surprized if any body disputes her title to originality.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ANDREW BECKET, who, in our last number but one, was found guilty of murdering Socrates, has written us a very angry prophecy. After reminding us that in former days, the offices of poet and prophet were united, he says that 'the author of the drama of Socrates has proved himself to be a poet, and that he is likewise a prophet, may be easily shewn,' and then proceeds with some damnatory ejaculations which would make even our printer's devils tremble. Our repose has not been interrupted, as we are satisfied that Mr. Becket shares the inspiration of poetry and prophecy in a commensurate degree.